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AUGUSTE RODIN. WRITTEN FOR THE CRAFTSMAN BY JEAN SCHOPFER AND CLAUDE ANET; TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY IRENE SARGENT.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

A MAN who appears to be in the fullness of his powers, although he has passed his sixtieth year, robust as an oak, of middle height, broad-shouldered, stout, but athletic; a strong neck, a face half covered by a long blonde beard, through which age has scattered a few grains of salt, a prominent nose, characteristic and well modeled, eyes clear and small, set beneath a powerful arch of the eyebrows, a high forehead upon which reflection has ploughed deep furrows: such physically is Auguste Rodin to-day.

All his life he has struggled, and he can not yet relax his efforts. He has seen rise against him all those forces of official and organized art which are so powerful in France: the School of Fine Arts, the Institute, the Salons. He has experienced the long and severe preliminary trials of the man who has a new and powerful message to deliver. He astonishes, shocks and scandalizes. Further than all this, from his very entrance into his profession, he has been forced to earn his daily bread. About each work that he has exhibited jests, sarcasms and hostile cries have joined in mocking

chorus. But finally, Rodin has triumphed. Not only has he given to the world a new pulsation excited by a hitherto unknown beauty, but we can take from him a lesson of fortitude and energy in learning through what struggles and what privations genius reaches glory.

Rodin arose from the people: that inexhaustible reservoir of virgin purity and strength, and of latent greatness. He was born in 1840. At the Museum, he followed the classes of Barye, the distinguished animal sculptor, who was, it is said, a poor instructor, never revealing his powers except when he seized his handful of modeling clay.

At the approach of his twenty-fourth year, Rodin, in order to gain his livelihood, entered the studio of Carrier-Belleuse, a sculptor favored by fashion, possessed of skill, but devoid of originality. At this period, the young student produced his first important work: "The man with the broken nose." This was a well-conceived and powerful bust, worthy of antique art. Sent to the Salon, it was refused, as might have been foreseen, and Rodin continued to work for the popular sculptor. After the war of 1870, we find him at Brussels, occupied with other French and Belgian artists in decorating the Stock Exchange.

At the age of thirty-seven, he, for the first time, exhibited a very important work in the "Man of the bronze age," which he sent to the salon of 1877. This was an ad-

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mirable figure which arrested and held public attention.

It is thus seen that Rodin had no master, and that he has followed no school. He has, so to speak, created himself, as all men truly great have done. It is disconcerting for superficial minds to observe the unimportant part played in the artistic develop-

the great artists of the nineteenth century—those whose names have an assured future,—were not nurtured at the School of Fine Arts, were not members of the Institute, but, on the contrary, violently opposed official doctrines, and worked, solitary and independent, throughout their entire life.

In painting, Eugène Delacroix, Rous-

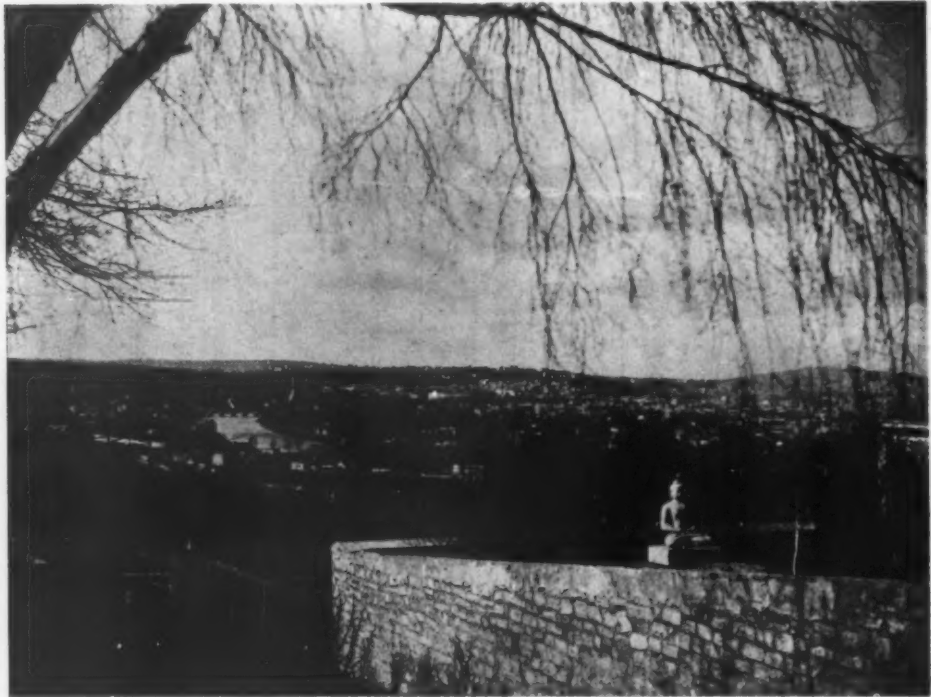


Figure I. Panorama of Paris, seen from Rodin's studio at Meudon

ment of a country by the higher schools, which our epoch so greatly honors with its confidence and maintains at such great expense. In France, where the Government has done much for the cause of art, where the schools and academies have a universal reputation and attract students from all countries, it must still be recognized that

seau, Millet, Corot, Puvis de Chavannes, among the illustrious dead; in sculpture, Rude, Carpeaux—lastly, Auguste Rodin, who, in creative force, in richness of invention, surpasses the only two masters who preceded him in the nineteenth century. Genius has little need of professors. It is capable of recognizing its own in the past.

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And then for its development, it has the hard school of life, the best one that exists. It is through struggle that a distinctive personality establishes itself and becomes conscious of its own powers.

Rodin has not escaped fierce trials and opposition. When "The primitive man" was exhibited at the Salon of 1877, this work, wholly disobedient to conventional formulas, strong in truth and simplicity, and, because of these qualities, novel and revolutionary, excited a furious storm of criticism. A rumor arose that the statue had been cast after nature: a charge so unreasonable that it is difficult to discover its meaning. For it is evident to anyone, after five minutes' reflection, that casting always gives effects, dull, without accent, vigor, or distinction, and that, on the contrary, the mission of art is to express, to make evident through exaggeration the strongest characteristic, the very nature, of a body or a limb. If a cast of the nude after a living model be placed beside a nude by Rodin, the differences will thrust themselves upon the most prejudiced eyes. Art is individuality and will, neither of which is apparent in the works of Nature. Individuality and will are the capital which man, as the creator of art, brings to his work.

Rodin easily exonerated himself from this unreasonable accusation. Careless of criticism, he continued to work in accord-

ance with his own ideas and pleasure, and it was only after the foundation of the National Society (Salon of the Champs de Mars) that he exhibited annually. Even in the new Salon, where he was, in a certain sense, in his own house, as president of the section of sculpture, his works were still angrily discussed. The artist having al-



Figure II. Rodin's studio-museum

most attained the age of sixty years, and having become famous throughout the world, saw one of his most important works, the statue of Balzac, excite such a tempest of public indignation, among his curious colleagues and the representatives of the press—who for a fortnight ceased all other war of words to concentrate their attacks upon Rodin's Balzac,—that the committee

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of the Society of Men of Letters, which had ordered the statue, refused to accept it, declaring that the figure could in no wise pretend to represent Balzac.

Nevertheless, the sculptor so criticised, found, even at the beginning of his career, enthusiastic admirers; even then, art critics and literary men asserted the grandeur and the strength of his talent. The fame of

self to his guest; uncovering and showing his own works, and commenting upon them with the ingenuousness and enthusiasm of one who, at that instant, perceives their beauty for the first time.

"Isn't this fine?" he does not hesitate to say. And he passes his hand over the marble, as if caressing it. He turns the figure upon the modeling stool, in order to



Figure III. Interior of studio-museum

Rodin is established to-day. Throughout the world, he is recognized as the master of modern sculpture.

I have often seen Rodin in his Parisian studios, in which, once every week, he receives, with open doors, those who wish to visit him. The grace and the simplicity of his welcome are quite indescribable. Provided that he discover in his visitor a spark of love for artistic things, he devotes him-

self to his guest; uncovering and showing his own works, and commenting upon them with the ingenuousness and enthusiasm of one who, at that instant, perceives their beauty for the first time.

Such action does not express vanity, but simply the independence of the artist from the work when once it is finished. As long as it exists only in his thought, as long as it is within him, it is sacred; then he gives birth to it in fever and anguish, and in the sweat of his brow. But once that it stands in marble, it becomes a stranger to him, it is an independent being, animated with an

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individual life, which he considers as he does the persons by whom he is surrounded: that is to say, objectively.

It is an inspiration to hear a man such as Rodin discourse upon art. We live our narrow lives and walk like animals of burden, whose eyes are half-covered with blinders. We see beyond us only our objective point, our own personal point of aim. And from the infinite spectacle of things we isolate the only objects which interest us or which flatter our fixed idea. The artist teaches us to gain a wider and higher view of things. His true function is to appreciate and to translate the beauty which is all-pervading, although it is often hidden from our inexperienced eyes. We know nothing of the beauty of the human frame. Modern life is so organized that we have of this supreme beauty only the vaguest conception, the most imperfect knowledge. We fix our attention solely upon the face and the expression of the countenance. We can not appreciate a well modeled leg, the supple and swelling line of the hips, the articulation of an arm. We have no acquaintance with this beauty, except such as results through the study of works of art. We are prohibited from studying the living nude. Nevertheless, it is the human body which is the fundamental theme of sculpture. In presence of this great and dignified subject, the ideas of modesty inculcated by Christianity

disappear, and the sculptor follows only ideas of art. And thus he lives in a world which is closed to us. We must not be astonished or confused therefore, if when he speaks to us we but half understand him. No common standard exists for him and us. But if we make effort to rise to his level, we enrich ourselves with new modes of thought



Figure IV. Rodin at work

and, by that very means, we amplify and heighten our personality.

This is why it is good to be with Rodin, to talk with him, to attempt to reach his point of view and to share his enthusiasms. We illustrate here a number of his works, sufficiently large to communicate enthusiasm to the reader who shall have followed us, when he shall find himself in the presence of

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that world of beings into which Rodin has breathed the breath of life.

Rodin does not live in Paris. He simply works there each afternoon. In the morning he studies and models at his home in

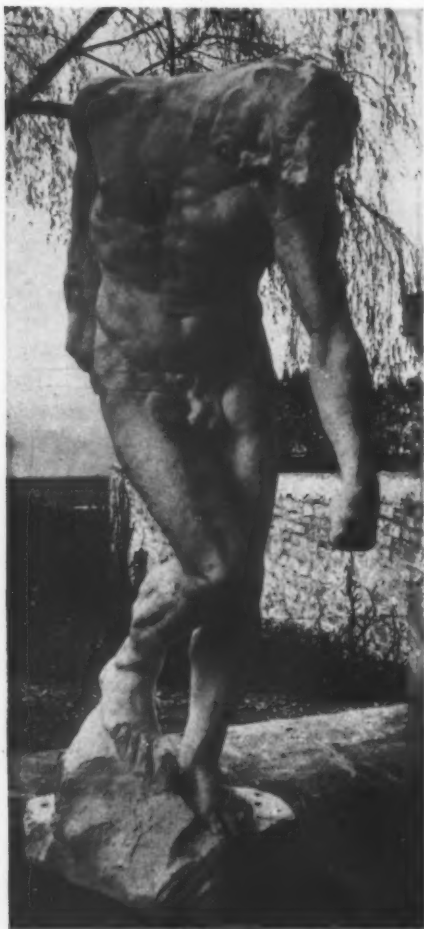


Figure V. Statue in Rodin's garden

Meudon, to which he returns at evening, after the hard labor of the afternoon; seeking there the solitude and calm which are so dear to him. The suburban dwelling and

studio of the sculptor are original and beautiful.

He lives alone at the summit of a declivity, five hundred paces distant from the highway, which passes at the rear of his house. In front of his garden the soil is broken and crumbling. This is the site of the old quarries of Meudon which are now abandoned. From these conditions result complete solitude and the absence of houses in the foreground of the landscape. There are none of those ugly little villas which, in the suburbs of every large city, aggressively display bad taste and pretension. Beyond the walls of the garden spreads the admirable panorama of the Seine, the river of beautiful serpentine, indolent curves, surrounding the island of Villancourt, caressing the neighboring Meudon and its ruined bridge, which dates from the time of Louis XIV.; then, upon the heights, there are the harmonious masses of the groves of Meudon and of Saint Cloud, which are terminated at the horizon line by the hill upon which crouches, like a hound ready to attack, the fortress of Mont-Valérien.

Such is the landscape visible from Rodin's windows. "Never," he said to me, "does it repeat its effects. Masses of light and shade mingle there in proportions infinitely diverse. I never weary of studying it. Each day and almost each hour, it clothes itself with new beauty."

Rodin has for his dwelling a small building of brick and white stone, the entrance of which is guarded by dogs. At the right, and advanced beyond the residence portion, there is an immense studio-museum which we here illustrate. This was formerly the Musée Rodin erected in the Cours-la-Reine

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for the Exposition of 1900. It is an example of the neo-classic style, with bold projections and a heavy entablature. Furthermore, the details in relief are accentuated, the shadows are deep and the high lights strong. The structure is entirely roofed with glass, and is further lighted by large bays on each of the sides, except the one containing the entrance, which is a portico in classic style, opening upon the splendid scene which we have earlier described.

In front of the studio two small gardens, enclosed by walls, extend as far as the abandoned quarries. In one of them, crouching upon a pedestal, we find a superb Buddha from the Indo-Chinese temple of Kmer, who projects his Oriental calm upon the delicately veiled atmosphere of the region of Paris. When, last summer, I visited Rodin, geraniums were blooming at the feet of the Asiatic god, as an offering of the modern sculptor to the foreign divinity, whose strong simple outline produced a striking effect in this little cultivated spot in the suburbs of a great modern city.

Behind the museum, is a studio in which several workmen are occupied in translating into marble the works in clay modeled by the hand of the master.

Finally, at the side of the garden, there is a low, elongated, mysterious little structure. In the interior there are two rooms

scarcely larger, each one, than a monk's cell, and monastic no less in their simplicity than in their size, with their whitewashed walls, a rude seat and a modeling stool. But it is a detail to be noted that upon the walls are fixed a few shelves of thick mirror-glass which support exquisite antique ornaments, fragments of iridescent glass, and small modern vases and ewers of lovely color and contour. These few objects, frail and per-



Figure VI. Group of the Burgers of Calais

fect, assume in this bare and narrow room an importance which it is not easy to conceive.

Rodin who, wearing a broad Panama, was conducting me through his possessions, said to me:

"There come hours when I can not work in the large studio. It contains too great a throng of statues. Their glance weighs

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upon me and puts me under constraint. Then, I come here to recover my composure in the calm of these little cells."

Here he showed me the roughly outlined bust of an American woman upon which he was working at that time. "Almost invariably," he said, "there is intelligence in the faces of the women of this nation." "But," he added, casting a long look at the unfinished head which he turned toward me, "there is, furthermore, kindness of heart evidenced in the countenance of this model. That is what I shall attempt to express. It is a difficult task."

THE WORK OF RODIN.

THE artistic production of Rodin is almost completely represented by means of casts in the great studio-museum, which is flooded by abundant and equalized light.

The artistic production of Rodin! How shall we speak of it? When one enters the presence of works created by genius, is it not natural to be overwhelmed, as one might be on the threshold of a fairy palace in which everything should be progressively more beautiful, greater, richer, more intense? In the best moments of our lives we half perceive a superior world, we wish to enter it, we feel that for an instant we are worthy to comprehend things which we have not before understood, to participate in joys before denied to us, that we can seat ourselves at last at the banquet of those who approach most closely to divinity.

I have long known the work of Rodin. In co-operation with Claude Monet, about the year 1889, he arranged an exhibition in a private gallery, and I shall never forget the

emotion which seized me when I approached first the group of the "Burghers of Calais," and then examined the small groups which peopled the gallery. The effect produced upon the spectator was that of something new, great, unexpected, which profoundly moved him and left him grave and silent. Fifteen years have passed, and, still to-day, I hesitate in crossing the threshold of Rodin's studio: so powerful is the contact of the master's thought.

In the work of this sculptor, the dominant element is not serenity. He is the type of the modern genius who creates in tempest. Other artists have lived far from the world, and, from the height of their ivory tower, have followed, solitary and isolated from men, the harmonious development of their fancies. The agonized cries of the throng groveling in the depths below them did not reach their altitude. They did not see the faces distorted by sorrow, the hard furrows which passion ploughs upon pallid faces and the eloquent gaze of eyes which can no longer weep. But Rodin has seen all this. He, as an artist, has felt descend upon him the talons of the world-sorrow. Therein, he has advanced beyond the pagan point of view, which, nevertheless, he holds throughout his work. He understands sin, and he shows the human being stricken and overwhelmed, because his sufferings are heightened by the despairing memory of happier things, of a Paradise lost.

But Rodin has deliberately placed himself in the midst of life. He has also contemplated joy, pleasure, the loveliness of life, the glory of the nude displayed in a luminous atmosphere, the wild courses of fauns, the play of satyrs, and love in both its permitted and its forbidden aspects.



Figure VII. Detail from the group of "The Burghers of Calais"

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The picture which he has given of life certain critics have characterized as realistic, wishing by this term to abase it; as if it were not from reality, indeed, the saddest, sometimes even the most abject reality, that



Figure VIII. Detail from the group of "The Burghers of Calais"

the artists who have consoled the world, have drawn their inspiration.

But words which we try to permeate with the spirit of things, interpret our meaning but feebly. Let us attempt to gain Rodin's

point of view, to understand his conception of the world about him.

Reality for him is all in all. It is the exact image of the external world, the most complete and minute knowledge of the structure of the human frame. With this structure Rodin is perfectly acquainted, not only when it is in repose, but also in its infinitely varied movements. He understands the play of the supple muscles which wind their course beneath the fleshy tissue. He is sensitive to the secret harmonies responsive to which they all move at the slightest suggestion given to any one system or division of them. He knows also the structural secrets of the concealed bones which hold the frame upright; how they are joined together and the function of each. He has studied the degeneracy of the body which results from age or from the license of the passions, as well as the beauty with which youth and health adorn the firm muscles of the growing boy.

Reality for a great artist is a universe—limitless, mysterious, existent in his imagination. I could wish that those who accuse Rodin of vulgar realism, might listen to him, as he comments upon his own work. I still hear him explaining a little group of two figures. A young girl is seated in an attitude suggestive of awakening. Toward her bends a figure. Is it a genius or an angel who touches his lips to her brow, as if to call her back to life?

"This is the soul, awakened by a kiss, after the close of the earthly life, and surprised to discover that Love still exists in the life beyond the tomb."

On entering the studio-museum, on finding one's self in the midst of this people of statues looking out upon the world with



Figure IX. Portrait-Bust; Museum of the Luxembourg, Paris

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sorrowful, or yet with calm, restrained glance, one is appalled at the thought of the colossal labor of the man who has produced from his brain and heart, in awful



Figure X. Portrait-Bust of Puvis de Chavannes

travail, this immense throng of beings. This power of creating, without fatigue or failure, vitalized forms, and of portraying with signal power the passions and dramas of humanity, Rodin possesses to such degree that, in order to find his superiors, we must resort to Balzac, to Shakespere and to Dante.

There are the "Bronze age," the "Victor Hugo," destined for the Garden of the Luxembourg, "Count Ugolino and his children," the still unfinished monument of Puvis de Chavannes, the celebrated group of the "Burghers of Calais"; numerous busts upon pedestals, which are treated with such vigor that there would seem to have been a combat between the artist and the clay; the artist having gone forth victor

from the struggle, and the clay still quivering from the contact of its master. Then, there are small groups, exquisite, like that of the "Brother and sister" and the "Mother and child," or, terrible and passionate, designed for the "Gate of Hell," upon which Rodin has been working for so many years; then, also, the series of "The Kiss," which appears in several forms, and other groups or single figures, like the "Fall of Icarus," the "Tritons," the "Female Faun," so supple and slender, "Despair," "Love flies, or the Sphinx," "Fate and the convalescents," "Prayer," the fair and appalling "Heaumière," a character drawn from the poem of François Villon. Finally, there are sketches, studies, fragments, a sinuous figure of which the various planes only are indicated, a leg with tense muscles, a contorted arm, a relaxed torso. Even the glass cases with which the studio is furnished are filled with details: feet, legs, arms, studied in all positions. There is, among the others, a case in which one sees perhaps a hundred dwarfs, in all positions and with all expressions: stretched at length, contracted, supplicating, blessing, in repose, threatening, muscular, or fleshless, molded each one with remarkable precision and intensity. The man who has studied the least important parts of the human body with such a love of truth, can say: "Now I know and understand; now I can create."

NATURE.

NATURE is for Rodin the first and greatest of teachers. To her all artists must have recourse. She is enduringly beautiful, versatile, changeful.

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and fertile to the point of creating, without repetition, forms ever new, whose numbers can not be counted.

Nature is our teacher. This statement contains a truth **aggravating** because of its triteness. The instructors of the schools in which conventionalism is dominant, do not cease repeating this precept to their students; the competitions for the *Prix de Rome* show us invariably "academies" studied from the living model, and nothing is more naturalistic than the work in sculpture of that most conventional artist, the recently deceased M. Gérôme, member of the Institute.

One must believe then that Rodin has studied Nature otherwise and better than other men, and that when he says: "Nature is the great teacher," the words have a different and deeper sense for him than they possess for the instructors of the School of Fine Arts.

Nature does not yield herself and her secrets freely. It is not enough to study her hastily and superficially. To fathom her depths, it is necessary to make serious and constant effort. She must be loved in all her phases, even in her deformities, which are only apparent. Above all, she must be considered without prejudice, and with fresh eyes. This is not done in the schools, where, if the student fixes one eye on the living model, he consults with the other the rules of the proportions of the body established by the old Greek sculptors.

The artist who deeply loves Nature and who penetrates her meaning, soon realizes that, regarded as a whole, she is not inert and dead, but rather a vitalized organism; he perceives in her the vibration, the shudder, the growth of inexhaustible life; he feels

that a single power animates and agitates himself and the universe, and he cries with Byron:

"Are not the mountains, waves and skies a part of me and of my soul, as I of them?"

Does the work remain to be done? Is it needful to seek now to copy, to imitate Nature? No, and there lies the material for an eternal misunderstanding. To copy Nature leads only to insipid and insignificant works. There lived in the eighteenth century a painter who attempted to copy Nature literally. When he engaged upon a portrait, he spent entire years in completing it; everything was perfectly exact as to both color and form; there was no accent of the face which was not faithfully re-



Figure XI. Portrait-bust

produced; not a wrinkle, however small, which was lacking from the picture, not a button, and scarcely a hair. The imitation of Nature will never be carried farther. The

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painter's name was Seinbold, a name to-day almost unknown. His patience, his labor availed nothing, for he followed a wrong direction. Art does not consist in imitating



Figure XII. Statue of Balzac

Nature. If it were thus, where would be our need of artists to-day? Photographs would suffice us.

Art consists in the search and the accentuation of the significant characteristic. It does not reside in copying; it is purely selection. Persons of talent discover with

moderate ease an agreeable form of art, and they remain faithful to it. But one who has more than talent, never remains satisfied with a formula found once for all; he strives unceasingly to reach an interpretation of Nature higher and more personal.

Let us listen to Rodin himself, as he expresses himself upon this subject:

"At first, I made," he said, "things skilful and adroit, boldly treated, and not without merit. But I felt meanwhile that I was in error. . . . I had much trouble. . . . Art is not imitation, and only imbeciles believe that we can create something; therefore, it remains for us to interpret Nature in a given sense. Each one translates according to his individual definition. I have at last formulated my own."

"I have passed through great trouble," said Rodin. May these words of a master be a comfort to all those who experience similar trials!

If we now desire to learn in what direction Rodin has exerted this effort to interpret, we shall find that he has devoted himself to life, expression and action.

He is the master of action. If we examine his work, we shall discover no arrested motion, no repose. "Saint John Baptist" walks, trembling with divine enthusiasm; the "Burghers of Calais" are advancing to martyrdom; even the busts quiver with life, and, in the small groups of the "Gate of Hell," we see a tempest of interlaced bodies, contorted and falling through space. Rodin is the master and the poet of action. Greek statuary, as a whole, is a great study of repose; we find therein certain well-co-ordinated and solemn processions, but, for the most part, the subjects chosen are of gods who condescend to live, of superbly

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formed athletes before the struggle. And from this point of view it is almost the same with the Middle Ages. As a general statement, we may say that monumental statuary does not permit violent action and gestures.

Contemporaneous sculpture is more agitated, but if one examine it closely, one perceives that there has been established what one may term a *repertory* of attitudes, which, like stereotyped formulas, are scarcely ever disregarded. There have thus been constituted conventional gestures for the man running, falling, or struggling, and for the figure in repose, kneeling, or rising. But Rodin has introduced into sculpture something new and personal. He has seen in life an infinite variety of attitudes. He has treated neither arrested motion nor completed action. His eye has been able to register the motion which has just developed into action. From this power has resulted an immense multiplication of sculptural forms: daring attitudes never before seized by the sculptor, unexpected, disturbing, but true withal, expressive, new and beautiful, which he has translated from life into bronze or marble, while retaining the vitality of the original.

TRADITION.

THE artist does not stand alone in the presence of Nature. Others before him have offered interpretations and have recorded in immortal works the sensations which they experienced in presence of things capable of inspiring emotion. Thus the technical problems which confront the artist of to-day have confronted thousands of artists before him, and have many times met with solution. There exists a

great artistic past which the man of our time may consult and question. What masters should he choose?

While so many artists linger over styles of secondary importance, Rodin has sought instruction solely from the two greatest periods in art history. He has studied with excellent results the classic Greek, and the mediaeval French sculpture.

There are two essential things which he has learned in the art of these epochs, so far removed the one from the other, and which



Figure XIII. Saint John Baptist; Museum of the Luxembourg, Paris

yet offer so many points of resemblance to him who penetrates below superficial appearances.

The first is the question of what may be

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called the luminous envelope of the work of sculpture. While working upon a statue, the sculptor should constantly remember that his figure, when completed, is not to

the future, contemplates and studies his work in the cold, colorless light of his studio; so continuing until he judges that he can go no farther.

The statue, when finished, is usually placed under the glass dome of some exposition hall, where it again stands, with a hundred companions or more, in an artificial light similar to that of the artist's studio in which it was created. At the close of the exposition, it passes on to confront the rude ordeal of full daylight awaiting it in some public square. It is then that a remarkable phenomenon occurs.

This statue which, in the studio or at the exposition, produced a certain effect, becomes suddenly attenuated, devoid of accent and vigor, conventional, commonplace and mediocre. All that was vigorous and distinctive disappears. The figure seems to have dissolved in the open air. The sculptor, in executing it, forgot one thing only: namely, that his statue, instead of being seen in the scattered, sifted and strained light of the studio, was destined to be placed in the strong full light of the square or park, where the ten, twenty or fifty yards of distance intervening between the statue and the spectator, produce for the former an envelope of light.

The Greek and the Gothic sculptors recognized this fact and gave it consideration. From them Rodin has also learned it. But contrary to what might be believed, it is not simply an apparent attenuation of the work which occurs in the open air. If this were all, it would be easy to thicken the whole, to execute in large, so that the statue, being in its final position, might offer the desired effect. No, the matter is more complicated. If the dimensions be exaggerated,



Figure XIV. The Bronze Age

stand in the modified light of a studio. But this fact is ignored in almost every case by the artist, so absorbed is he in the immediate and pressing difficulties of his task. He seeks and toils, undoes and repairs, forgets

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the statue will appear no less dull, unaccentuated and weak. The Greeks, whose vision was refined and subtle, observed at an early stage of their art the distortion produced by the atmosphere in the masses and the profiles of monuments; therefore, with inconceivable delicacy, when they constructed or executed, they purposely distorted their lines in an opposite direction, in order to obtain a correct effect. They had remarked, for instance, that the columns standing midway in the portico of a temple appeared to be of greater diameter than those placed at the angles; because at a few yards behind them, the wall afforded a background. The corner columns, on the contrary, appeared to be more slender, because they stood relieved against the sky and were bathed on all sides by the atmosphere. For this reason, the Greek artists increased the diameter of the corner columns, so that they might present the same appearance as those which had the background of wall. It is to be regretted that the greater number of our architects are ignorant of this truth; even those who worship the classic orders and carry about with them, as a sacred relic, a pocket edition of Vitruvius. And still today, the corner columns of certain edifices appear to incline outward, although they are in fact perpendicular to their base. In order to give them apparent straightness, the Greeks projected them slightly inward, while in modern structures, both European and American, little attention has been given to these optical illusions, caused by the effect of light, even in those cases in which the colonnade is a prominent feature. But yet the laws of optics are immutable, the same to-day as they were three thousand years ago.

The ancient Greeks recognized also the part played by the luminous envelope in the case of statues: that it causes details to disappear in the open air, leaving only the principal lines and planes of a figure distinct and clear. Therefore, it is essential to define emphatically these planes and lines, and these alone. From this method results the ideal simplification (scientifically speaking) of Greek art.

The sculptors of the Middle Ages, by the practice of their art, reached the same conclusions and knowledge. They executed



Figure XV. A contracted hand

their works to be placed in the open air and under the most varied conditions of light. There exist figures of saints placed in the porches of churches with a background of

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wall a single foot behind them; there are also bas-reliefs in the tympanums of portals; there are figures higher up, under tabernacles and between four colonnettes with pinnacles, which surmount the buttresses. Again there are others, higher still, upon the galleries or colonnades which connect the towers. All these figures, sub-

forced to treat all these intricate problems based upon open-air phenomena. And they accomplished their task. Let us glance at a cathedral! It is adorned with one or two hundred figures in stone; all in scale, and all producing the effect which the sculptor demanded of them. They are in a perfect environment; they can be read at a distance:



Figure XVI. The Waves

merged in the atmosphere, are affected by different lights, sometimes diffused and subtle, sometimes simple, here intense, there veiled and subdued. Intervening between these figures and the spectator below, there are ten, twenty, or thirty yards of space. Thus, the sculptors of the Middle Ages were

they say what is essential and nothing more. Now, let us examine, at the side of a cathedral, some modern edifice, however famous it may be! Let us study the statues which encumber its surface! No one of them is really in its proper place, or can be seen at a distance; and if certain among them are

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intrinsically good, it is almost invariably true that, standing as they do in the open air, they lose thereby all significance.

If we ask how the sculptors of the Middle Ages succeeded in producing with so much certainty such great refinement of effect, we shall be met with the answer that they employed the same means as the Greeks;

recognized, indicated and accented. And such results can be obtained only through extreme simplification, by suppressing purposely every thing that is detail or without meaning. It is with this purpose that Rodin has worked, making possible the evolution of his art which has proceeded from "skilful things boldly executed," up to the highest



Figure XVII. The Metamorphosis

that is, simplification (still scientifically speaking).

This is what Rodin has learned from them, and what so few of his colleagues realize and understand. Rodin has discovered as they did, that the essential only must be treated, and that the essentials of a figure are its planes. These planes must be

synthetic simplification, represented by the statue of Balzac: a work simplified in so radical a spirit that it caused its author to be taxed with insanity.

Let us listen to Rodin's justification of his own statue: "My essential planes are there, whatever one may say, and they would be there less, if I apparently finished



Figure XVIII. The Kiss; Museum of the Luxembourg, Paris

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more highly. As to polishing the toes or the ringlets of a statue, such details have no interest for me; they compromise the central idea, the great line, the essence of what I have desired, and I have nothing more to say upon this subject. This is the dividing line between the public and myself, between the good faith which it ought to preserve toward me and the concessions which I ought not to make in its favor."

One of the important works of Rodin is the "Gate of Hell," destined for the Museum of the Decorative Arts. It will be cast in bronze. For fifteen years the sculptor has been working upon it; but it is not yet completed. At the summit of the gate, upon the cornice, sits a man, "The Thinker," who, with elbows resting upon his knees, and head supported by his hands, gazes at the tortured sinners writhing beneath him. He meditates while gazing; he thinks of the sufferings of the world with such an effort of concentration that, from head to foot, there is no muscle of his body which is not turgid and contracted. "The Thinker," enlarged to heroic size and cast in bronze, will be shown at the St. Louis Exposition.

If we wished to be exact, we should describe the splendid, synthetic drawings which Rodin has exhibited for several years past. They are sketches, a line, a contour, a single form, made at one stroke, with a calm assurance which reveals the ruling tendency of the art of the master toward a more complete, more significant simplification. The greater number of his drawings have already been engraved.

SUCH is the work of Auguste Rodin. It reveals an almost frenzied power of imagination, an intensity, an excess of life and passion explaining the controversies which it provokes at its appearance in the calm, indifferent and cultured circles called the public; explaining also the great admiration which attaches to the name of Rodin in both France and foreign countries.

It is, I think, a certain quality of excess and intensity which has made his fame so great outside of France. In the opinion of foreigners, French genius is too often an affable, civilized, cultured faculty, capable of understanding everything and of renewing and revitalizing all subjects, by giving them an exquisite environment or envelope. But, at the same time, they criticise French genius as being closed against the world of the colossal and the terrible. And if proof of such judgment be demanded, they point to the slight influence which, during the course of centuries, has been exerted by the poem of Dante upon French thought and culture.

Auguste Rodin possesses a soul created to comprehend and to produce the colossal and all which is too great for human measure. His genius can be summed up by saying that he, contrary to the criticisms of foreigners, would be the best fitted of moderns to picture the thought of Dante; that contrary to the belief of many Frenchmen, he is the worthiest contemporary heir of the old Greek artists, the most subtle appreciator of Greek beauty.

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COMMERCIAL VALUE OF DESIGN

IN the initial article of this series the author says: "Shut in, as it were, to serve its owner, private art is but a hearthfire that warms only its builder, and leaves but few or no embers that can ever glow again after the breath of his fortune has ceased to fan it. But public art is a fire built in the market place, from which each citizen borrows live coals for his own home."

No statement can be truer and no statement ever came from a source more authoritative. John DeWitt Warner, an eminent lawyer, has for years devoted time and energy to the advancement of art in this country. To a natural appreciation of form and color, he adds a broad human interest in civic development. He has served in every capacity from the private to the president and leader, and now at the head of the first Art Commission which New York has ever had, he stands not only as an influence for all that is best in aesthetic development, but as a judge before whom must pass the artistic improvements of this great city. He personifies, as does no other one man, the appreciation of the layman for that abstract quality which for a better name we call public art. His comprehensive treatment of the "Importance of Municipal Improvements" encourages the consideration of the present article on the "Commercial Value of Design," which in its very statement challenges criticism and, judging by the action of our legislature and city officials, has never been recognized in this great country. It is hoped that this short article may start a discussion which in the end will lead the great Captains of

Industry to a realization that this country, to succeed in the future and hold its rank among the nations of the world, must add to its raw product the value of design. Natural resources, great virility may, for the time being, keep a nation to the front, but no permanent success can be achieved without careful study and thoughtful preparation. This is recognized by the older nations of Europe, which strive not to produce great quantities of raw material, but to make each ton of raw material return as great a value as possible by the added quality of design.

Without, perhaps, a realization of this fundamental principle, barbaric races have in fact made arms and implements which today we cherish, not because of their utility, but because of the rude archaic ornament which was added with such primitive but masterly strokes. The works of the Aztec, of the Navajo and other American Indians are among the choicest treasures in our museums. The more mature efforts of the Assyrians and the Egyptians are well known, and the later work of the Greek, the Oriental and the Asiatic peoples is too well known to need mention.

In pottery the simple utensils of the home, selling, as they did at the time of their creation, for sums too insignificant to mention, are cherished as precious treasures, because of their ornament and color. The vases of the Egyptians and the still more mature work of the Turks, are now, and for many years to come will be, of inestimable value. In textiles the same is true,—the work of the hand-loom survives, not so much from the fact that it is done by hand, but from the excellence of the design. The simple stuffs of the Orient, the cotton prints

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of India, the silks, the velvets, and those wonderful rugs, are regarded as invaluable, not because we have not the same materials and cannot reproduce the same stuffs, but because of those wonderful combinations of tone and color which were undoubtedly the result of long and careful study. Tapestry, that queen of textiles, stands to-day as the most remarkable combination of graphic ability in textile form, and its value is commensurate with the ability displayed. While laces and embroideries have been appreciated and are still appreciated, they will, eventually, have to step aside and leave the place of honor to the tapestry and the rug; for these have those possibilities in design and color which must in the course of things grant them the precedence.

In wood we have a material which, in its natural form, has possibly the lowest value, but which, as a manufactured article, even in its simple forms, demands attention. Given the added quality of design in chair or table and its cost materially increases; add the touch of the craftsman, and the value is still further enhanced; add the quality of the sculptor, and in tryptich, reredos, and carved choir stall, it assumes untold value. The unhewn block of stone is of little worth: shape it under the builder's hand and its worth increases; give it the touch of the chisel and its value is only gauged by the ability of the artist. The Schönen Brunnen, many of the monuments of Europe, the frozen music of the cathedrals, could not have existed but for this material. Their priceless value, however, is not to be gauged by their cubical contents, but by the merit of the design thus held in imperishable form. Marble in slab or column has its minimum value and is often passed unnoticed; when

used as inserts in clever combinations, it arrests attention, and when in smaller tesserae it becomes the mosaic, its value is increased a hundred-fold. The marble, which in the mass may be considered crude or uninteresting, is, when deftly combined in small pieces and under the hand of the skilled artisan, a medium which produces results second to none.

The metals when sold by the ton are a commercial quantity, but when, under the stroke of the hammer, they become wrought iron or chiseled brass, when under the touch of the tool they become *repoussé*, or in the hands of the founder they assume deft and beautiful shapes,—their worth is immeasurably increased.

Glass, perhaps one of the most difficult materials to produce in its crude state, is still naught, until touched by the hand of the Venetian, the Bohemian, or those master workers of the Middle Ages, who from this material have produced windows which, while having the charm of the mosaic, rival the color and the composition of the picture.

It is almost needless to speak of design in decoration or to show how building after building has been beautified by the stroke of the brush. We are not speaking of those great efforts which may be claimed, and justly claimed, as the finer art, but of those simpler combinations of form and flower, which, with accent of shield and escutcheon, make a fitting background to the purposes of the room. We are not claiming for design in decoration the credit which is due to the abstract art creation. The single figure, the portrait, if you will, the easel picture, owes its quality, it is true, to the individual ability of the author, but take even a commonplace figure and repeat it in the

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decorative scheme of the room and in this very repetition it gains value. The commonplace portrait, uninteresting perhaps by itself, when placed as one of a series with proper decorative frame work, is a thing of beauty; and the easel picture created to express but one thought, one idea, has no quality as a decoration; but place it as one of a series and in that very repetition it gains an added interest and becomes part of a greater thought than the specific subject which it has been created to express. All these gain an added quality by being used as parts of a greater scheme and this is what is meant by the value of design.

In sculpture the same is true; the monument isolated and apart from architectural surroundings, owes its recognition to the individual ability of its creator; but when the monument becomes the single figure in the niche, and is repeated upon the façade of some great building, its creator may even be unknown, but its value still exists because of the added quality of design. The portrait bust in an isolated garden is of but momentary interest, the portrait bust, if one of a series in some hall of fame or some great public building, assumes an importance difficult to describe in words. The sculptor's work becomes an integral part of a greater whole and assumes an added value that can be appreciated, but which is difficult to define. The sculptural group embodying some great conception, arrests our attention when seen in gallery, museum or upon isolated pedestal, but how much greater its effect, when it becomes one of a series, as in the Stations of the Cross in some cathedral, how much stronger its effect when it is but one of a series of cre-

ations which are to explain some greater train of thought. The sculptured panels of Chartres or Amiens would undoubtedly be beautiful, even if taken from their surroundings, but how much fuller is their wondrous beauty when left side by side in those massive cathedrals, each a page in the history of religion.

To speak of the increased value of architecture by the addition of design would be an anachronism—for no architecture can exist in its higher form without the finest development of design. But in these commercial days, when mere building and construction masquerade under the name of architecture, it may not be amiss to call attention to the fact that even the simplest construction, the most modest building, can gain much by a true appreciation of that valuable quality, design.

And now has this been recognized? Is there any indication in what is occurring day by day that these simple, fundamental truths are not only appreciated but practised? In Europe, yes; in our great country, which prides itself upon its greatness and upon the rapidity of its advancement, most decidedly no. It is needless to speak of a European appreciation of these simple truths in the past and down to the time of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, but it may not be amiss to say a word of the latter-day development. The invention and improvement of machinery rendered useless many of the precedents of the past and forced a readjustment of all schools of design. At first, the influence of the machine was, to be frank, detrimental, and the mechanical or commercial article appeared; but with greater knowledge came greater

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power, and what has been accomplished in the last decade is but a promise of what will be accomplished in the future. In 1851, England, realizing the superiority of the French craft work, held the great International Exposition and by its comparative collections endeavored to show its manufacturers and craftsmen what might be accomplished with intelligent artistic effort. The school of Morris, Day and Burne-Jones was the result, and English wall papers, textiles, woodwork, metalwork, faience, glass, marble and mosaic show their influence. The South Kensington Schools and Museum are but the outward symbol of how deep a hold this movement has taken of the people.

What is true of England is true of all European countries, but is particularly so of Germany. The commercial supremacy of Germany is due in no small degree to the appreciation of these principles. Her success may be attributed and has been attributed to many causes, but careful analysis will show that no one has been a greater factor in this success than the realization on her part of the commercial value of design. Germany, after the Franco-Prussian war, had little or no rank among the commercial countries of the world, but since that time, with an energy and perseverance unprecedented, she has developed her resources, until she stands almost second to none. Schools of architecture, painting and sculpture existed as a matter of course, but since 1870 there have been founded in every city, town, and even village, schools of handicraft, schools for painting on glass, schools for the carving of wood and the welding of iron, schools for textiles, schools for instruction in the manipulation of every medium

and of every material. Great museums have sprung up which contain, not only representative examples of the craft work of the past, but specimens of what is being done to-day by the craft workers of the world at large, and last but not least, commercial museums and sample museums have been created which contain comparative examples of all that is being produced in the world at large at the present day. Thus not only do the manufacturer and the craftsman receive the best the schools can give them, but they have the advantage of seeing without extensive travel what is being produced throughout the world. Thus, for example, Mr. Ormun, our Consul at Stuttgart, reports that "on one occasion a commission sent by the Germans visited the Orient and collected a great many samples. They were afterward exhibited for several days in the halls and corridors of the Imperial Parliament. They were afterward sent to large industrial and commercial centers and put upon exhibition for the benefit of the workmen and workwomen who could not afford a trip to Berlin. They were afterward divided among the sample museums,—textile centers getting textiles, and iron districts getting iron and steel products. The sample museum is an excellent auxiliary of the Empire's industrial, industrial-art and technical schools. While it would be hard to estimate their value in dollars and cents, the German merchant and manufacturer have come to regard them as a part of the popular system of education."

Thus Germany has pushed to the fore, until her ships are found in every port and Hamburg has become, next to London, Liverpool and New York, the most important commercial place in the world. Not

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only do these countries recognize the value of design in erroneously so-called commercial lines, but they recognize it in ways which to us are almost incomprehensible. So great a stress do they lay upon the value of good architecture, that in many countries prizes have been offered to those private owners who erect buildings of sufficient artistic merit to pass the judgment of competent juries, and in some cases they have even gone farther by exempting these buildings from any and all taxes. Prizes without limit have been offered for worthy works of public art, both in painting and sculpture, and it is a common custom for governments to purchase works of distinction for public parks and public buildings, not only to please and benefit the people, but to recognize and to keep active that art quality which is so essential to the higher development of any nation.

But in a more important field than any that has yet been mentioned have the countries of Europe demonstrated the value of design, and this is in the planning of cities. No greater problem has ever faced the world than this rapid growth of modern cities. No problem has ever been of greater importance, not only to the social, but to the commercial development of a country. It is in the intelligent answer to this perplexing question that the countries of the old world have shown their ability to cope with modern conditions. The walls of Paris have been moved four or five times, and at the present writing, it has been decided to level the fortifications and extend the area. Vienna has replaced its walls with its noble Ringstrasse. Antwerp has replanned its water front and laid out vast sections for its increased population. Hamburg has spent

millions in creating the finest system of wharves and harbors that the world has as yet seen. Berlin has spared no expense to perfect its transit and to improve the outlying section. Prague has re-designed the older portion of the city, even changing its level some six to eight feet. Nürnberg, while retaining the old, is perfecting its newer section. Stuttgart, Leipsic, Dresden, Hanover, Hildersheim and hundreds of other cities are striving to the utmost to make their facilities adequate to the demand. And these are no hap-hazard efforts, but efforts along the lines of carefully matured plans. They represent all that experience and ability, coupled with judicious expenditure, can produce. It would be perhaps going too far to state that every effort has been a success, but it is not too much to say that failure, if there has been failure, has been due to lack of forethought, or to lack of appreciation of the importance of the issue. Such expenditure as has been made will be returned a hundred-fold, and not only Germany, but every country in Europe will reap a commercial benefit therefrom.

Why should our country be so slow in appreciating the commercial value of design? It is true that at the coming Exposition at St. Louis, the arts and crafts are to be shown in the Art Building and have been ranked as of equal value with exhibits that heretofore have been considered the finest art products. It is true that at this same Exposition there is to be a model city, demonstrating what has been done, or what has been projected, in many of our large cities. It is true that Washington has been replanned, that St. Louis is considering radical changes, that in St. Paul and Milwaukee material ad-

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vances have been made; but it is also true that this work in the main has been done by private incentive and by private capital. Why is it that our governments, whether national, state or city, do not realize the commercial necessity of these improvements? Why is it that there are no public commercial museums or sample museums? Why is it that the schools throughout the country at large are lacking in classes and appliances to give this most necessary education? Certainly we do not wish to be considered less intelligent or progressive than the older countries; we do not wish to have said that under republican forms of government, less can be accomplished than under monarchical government. We certainly do not wish to feel that Americans can accomplish less than other nationalities. Design is but a word to indicate the practical application of that potent force called art; design is but a word which in a rough and ready way defines the practical application of the appreciation of the beautiful. It is but a medium through which we interpolate into our crafts, our manufactures, that quality of imagination, that appreciation of form and color, that knowledge of symmetry, without which no product can be other than commonplace.

Is it not time that we should awake; have not the long years of preparation passed? Are we not ready for that great movement which is to revolutionize all that has been done before? Our statisticians point with pride to our increased exports, but forget that they are in a great measure due to the natural wealth of the country. They forget that as time passes, these natural resources must be drained and that as the work of other countries improves, so must the bal-

ance of trade eventually turn against us. Is it not time for us to appreciate that now must be added to our cottons, our silks, our woven stuffs, our wood, our metal, our stone, that intellectual effort which will make each ounce of raw material return its maximum value? Is it not time to recognize that it is no longer a competition of quantity but of quality, no longer a competition of force, but of skill, and that the country which is to create the finest product possessing the maximum value of design, must have those conditions, social, educational and governmental, which will produce this result.

STREET FURNISHINGS

THE thought of lighting cities was long postponed through the fact that those who had to see their way at night were individuals, not masses. Nor is it strange, since every lamp required separate care before it could be lighted, that when, at last, their provision in the street could be conceived as a civic duty, lights were still made individual charges.

The public function of the light was slowly appreciated better as their number multiplied. . . . In Brussels—the “little Paris” in so many things,—a prize offered by *L'Oeuvre Nationale Belge* early in its career, was for an artistic street light, and was awarded to the designer of a single candelabrum to stand on the Place de la Monnaie, where it was subsequently erected.

The terms of this competition, conducted by a national society organized for the furthering of civic art, had invited the municipalities to “designate those public places” which it was desired to light artistically.

*Charles Mulford Robinson in
“Modern Civic Art.”*

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A PLEA FOR THE DECORATIVE BOOK-PLATE. BY FRANK CHOUTEAU BROWN

DESPITE the fact that we pride ourselves upon being a commercial and unimaginative people, a little consideration will, I think, prove that there is a constant tendency of our natures to idealize: to symbolize, and give a meaning to objects that, oftentimes, have of themselves no such original intent,—the same objects that may, upon other per-



sons, produce an almost opposite effect. It seems hardly necessary to emphasize the hold that symbolism has upon even the Anglo-Saxon temperament, but it is an inheritance which we cannot escape. The earliest and most primitive pagan races erected symbols which they worshiped as gods: in many cases, the same symbols that are to-day most closely associated

with the rituals of the Christian Church.

We read cryptograms into Shakespere, and modern meanings into the simplest Bible stories. Instead of accepting these inspired writings in their direct and obvious application, and so taking each one home in the way that it most appeals to us, we build up cumbrous and far-fetched analogies, in themselves sufficient to smother the possible inspiration that might have been drawn from the original source.

The book-plate, then, responds to this craving for a personal symbol: the desire that each individual experiences to possess a "poster" all his own.

The question "What is the book-plate?" is still asked so frequently that perhaps no better beginning can be made than to offer a definition of a somewhat vague term. Later, I may venture to state a few of the causes which have produced the recent and growing revival of interest in this subject.

A book-plate, then, is primarily a name-label, and, as such, is used to take the place of the owner's written name within the covers of his books. To many persons this statement will recall the yellowing paper label, bearing an engraved coat-of-arms, pasted inside the covers of old leather bound books lying in their attics. Such a label is undoubtedly a book-plate, but a book-plate belonging to another age. It is, at best, a pedantic survival, suggesting little of the artistic possibilities contained within itself.

The coat-of-arms had at one time a meaning and reason for being which it no longer possesses. During the age of chivalry, gentle folk were distinguished by their coat-armor, and often more readily recognized by their heraldic insignia than by their family names. In the blazoning borne upon the

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shield, or worn upon the trappings of the knight and of his horse, the bearer's family history was plainly written. Indeed, it may be said that this coat-of-arms took the place

EX LIBRIS WILLIAM



ALLAN RAMSEY

of an individual name: to the initiate it certainly fulfilled its purpose better than is done by our modern written substitute.

We endeavor to show by a person's Christian and middle names the branches of the families to which he is allied, through his father and his mother; but the coat-of-arms revealed in its quarterings not only this much,—and, furthermore, in so exact a manner as to allow of no possibility for error,—but also the entire family ancestry—both paternal and maternal.

It must be remembered that the book, at one time, was a very valuable possession. It was written either wholly or in part by hand, or belonged to a small and costly hand-printed edition. Books were then laid upon

their backs on inclined shelves in such a manner that the front cover was always fully exposed. So the custom of placing the stamped coat-of-arms individual to its owner upon the outside binding of the book, was established naturally. The armorial bearings were generally arranged so as to become a part of the binding design, and thus, as an integral and conspicuous part of the book, indicated the owner to all who might pass. If the volume changed hands, its new possessor, before placing it in his library, had it re-bound in his favorite manner and marked with his own coat-armor. This custom was incidentally responsible for the making of the early printed books with a wide margin; since this marginal space required trimming or cutting down after each re-binding.

The modern bookcase, in which books stand closely side by side, with the backs only exposed, is a comparatively recent invention. An invention partly made possible by the cheaply made and rapidly printed



book and the resulting carelessness regarding its preservation; partly occasioned by

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the necessity for economizing space. When books came to be placed upright in cases, the coat-of-arms was often repeated upon the back; or, more commonly, separately engraved and printed upon a label, it was pasted inside the cover. So, in brief, arose the use of coat-armor for "book-plates," which continued even after heraldry had lost its meaning, and when, for purposes of identification, it became necessary to add the owner's name.

The armorial plate soon became filled with errors; frequently, a man's plate was used for a woman; or a son, merely changing the name, borrowed bodily his father's coat-of-arms. The engraving grew more and more mechanical, dry and inartistic, until, about the middle of the nineteenth century, it reached a climax of mediocrity.

Meanwhile, a historical interest was slowly gathering around the book-plate, or "Ex Libris," as it was often called; and many people began to collect plates owned by their friends, or family; beside acquiring all the older plates they could find, borrow or steal. When, by chance, a print belonging to a person of literary or historical fame was found, it was valued highly for its associations. If, in addition, it was believed that

it became still more valuable. Instead of the label now protecting the book, it was found that the book had protected the label,



and many a good volume and nice binding were despoiled, in order that some collector might carry off the plate pasted within.

In some countries, and in England especially, the old feeling that the only book-plate worthy of the name, was one engraved on and printed from copper, still survives; and in the latter country any collector of pretensions still imitates as closely as possible—both in style and matter—the old armorial book-plate. As no appreciation or comprehension of the meaning of heraldic forms and symbols now exists, it is not to be wondered at that the design presents little semblance of originality or virility. This kind of book-plate is still frequently reproduced in old-fashioned Book-Plate Journals, and forms the model for the plates of such American collectors as are content to borrow the ideas and copy the mannerisms of their English compatriots.

A distinct change in the artistic quality of book-plate designs is very evident in those which have been produced within the last few years. Even in more conservative and older countries, the designed book-plate has been given more and more attention by modern



but few copies of it existed, and if "in a good state," that is, well preserved, and printed from a comparatively new and unworn plate,

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artists of repute. The result is that to-day no more beautiful designs are executed in any branch of artistic endeavor than some of those made to decorate the books in private libraries.

In order to explain the widespread and sudden development of the interest in modern book-plates, an apparent digression is necessary. The position of the ordinary book owner must now be considered. It may be that he does not possess the right to use coat-armor, or that, disdaining to pose as being better than his fellow men, he consciously gives up this privilege. Perhaps he regards the custom as inconsistent with modern times. For some reason, perhaps only from carelessness, indifference or thoughtlessness, he has been accustomed to write his name within the covers of his books. People there are who have even committed barbarity in scrawling their names across the unoffending title page; near the top or bottom, along the side, or even diagonally across it; but such a method of defacing one's own property,—so discourteous a treatment of the friend of many delightful hours,—is most ungrateful. Every one must feel that the written scrawl is out of keeping with the strictly typographic character and the more or less formal appearance of the printed volume; that it is preferable to add to, rather than to detract from, the value of one's own property. Beside, the tremendous growth in the output of books makes it difficult for a person of broad literary interests to spare the time to write out his name within the books which he is constantly acquiring.

And so originated the printed label: at

first, it appeared with possibly only the name; perhaps the name and address; or again these enclosed in a ruled outline; then, with a little border of typographic ornaments repeated entirely around the whole. From this point the short step to a drawn or engraved design of similar simple character, was one quickly and easily taken. The continual striving of human nature for something different, something individual and distinctive, might alone be depended upon to make this slight advance.

Modern book-plates, such as the examples shown, are mostly reproduced by the zinc-line engraving process: at once the most modern and the most appropriate, when



used with either the ordinary illustrated book, or with one entirely lacking in illustrations and of the severest typographical plainness. Beside, according to this process, designs are frequently etched or engraved with very good effect; provided that they are done in a modern fashion and without attempting to copy old mannerisms. Sometimes they are stenciled, sometimes—especially abroad—they are lithographed, and often printed in more than one color, when some quite exceptional effects have been secured.

So we find a reason for the designed book-plate which is not only the development of a healthy appreciation of the beauty of the printed book itself; but also, a combination

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of the survival of the coat-of-arms book-plate, and of the modern demand for a substitute to meet the wants of those not caring for the armorial design.

In one or two of my book-plates, where a coat-of-arms was an essential part of the problem, the heraldic portion—as in the Brainerd and Ramsey plates—was made a subservient and unimportant part of the design; and it seems to me that a similar treatment allows the introduction of the



coat-of-arms, as an accessory, with sufficient distinctness to satisfy the owner; at the same time, it is a plate that may be as a whole modern, pleasing and American.

When starting out to secure a book-plate design, many people make the mistake of overburdening it with all their family history, or of trying to express through it the manifestations of a widely varied life. Either their ideas are too fully, if somewhat vaguely, formed—when it is practically im-

possible for another individual to make a satisfactory interpretation of them in pen and ink, or, having no ideas at all, they are unable to make even the few appropriate suggestions that will allow the artist to incorporate something individual into the design.

It is best to strike a mean between these two extremes. Then, the designer will learn more or less about his client's individual fads or fancies, something of his personality and family, as well as the kind of books and the things in which he is interested, possibly his business or occupation; while, at the same time, the designer, for the best result, should not be too closely restricted.

The book-plate need not express anything of the bookish quality;—it is not absolutely necessary that it should show a book, or books, a library, or anything of the sort. This is an error that seems, however, to have acquired a very wide acceptance, and is undoubtedly a survival, even though an unacknowledged one, of old-country conservatism. The plate itself need not be "bookish" in subject, but it must have somewhat of this quality in its treatment, in order to fit it for its place and purpose. The label should express individuality, if only by differing in some essential from the conventional design, and the desire for a "bookish plate" tends to restrict the problem to too narrow and ordinary a field.

As I have already intimated, the plate ought not to be too literal in its expression of the owner's tastes or tendencies. In illustration, perhaps the plate for Dr. Ellis may be opportunely cited. Drawn for a man of scholarly habits, interested especially in the

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study of the human eye, and having some reputation in his profession as a writer upon kindred subjects, the plate itself sug-



WILLIAM
KITTREDGE

gests this much to one knowing the personality and reputation of the owner; while at the same time, it is not so matter-of-fact but that it may possess a certain meaning and significance to anyone, quite aside from such a literal reading.

A satisfactory design once obtained, its location upon the inside cover of the book is of considerable importance to its effect. It must be so placed that it will compose with the entire shape of the page, in the same way that the title page of a printed volume so composes. Roughly, it may be said that the two upper corners of the book-plate should be arranged so that the spaces left above and on each side of the label are nearly equal. This should prove a safe rule-of-thumb which may, on occasion, be better honored in its breach than in its observance.

When the end paper of the volume is of

a color or tone, the exact placing of the label becomes even more important. If, as it often happens nowadays, the end papers are decorated, I find myself unable to spoil the intention of the bookmaker by pasting my individual label over his carefully considered work; then I place it upon the inside of the fly-leaf, or upon the loose sheet of the end paper. I am well aware that it is then much less an integral part of the book, but the book of to-day is ordinarily of such slight value that it would hardly be worth while for anyone to tear out the book-plate in order to claim the volume.

To-day, many odd shapes are often given to the book-plate label itself. Of course, it is apparent that the most appropriate and, at the same time, the most obvious form is of the same proportions as the cover of the book: a rectangle of about two-thirds its height in width. Almost equally suitable however—and perhaps preferable in fact, because it is not so common—is the shape that I have used in my brother's plate, or in my own. Other more unusual forms are



frequently employed. In one case, I remember, in order to cover the name which had been written in a more or less triangular

THE CRAFTSMAN

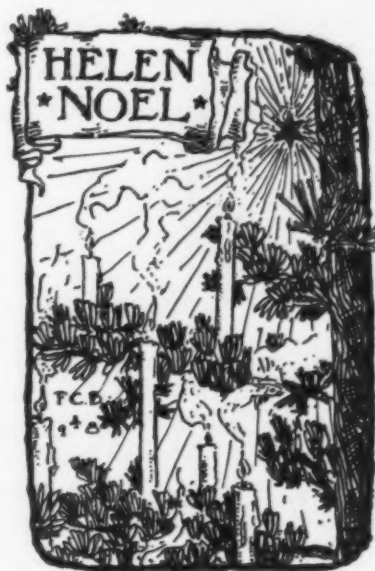
shape in the upper left hand corner of the book cover, a triangular label was necessary, having the top and left outside lines at right angles to each other, with the diagonal line running between and joining the two. On another occasion, a very wide plate of little height was made for Sterling H. Bunnell to conceal a very similar practice; in this case, the name being spread out at considerable length across the upper edge of the cover.

As a cursory glance through these illustrations will show, the outline of the design upon the label is often even more irregular and varied. The Walter Preston Frye plate, for instance, or that for C. C. Brown, William Kittredge, or Arthur Farwell, gives an outline, varied from the more conventional form, which is in itself a pleasing relief. A design for Fredrika Jackson is even more exceptional. The original of this plate was drawn on the inside cover of a gift book and occupied the only space left within the cover not taken up by the binding; even the two indentations in the lower corners were occasioned by two leather



things projecting up into this plain space, and so the unusual shape was made necessary. Again, the plate for William Allen

Ramsey, while rectangular in all its parts, is an attempt to obtain an effect of variety without departing too far from the conventional.



I have generally found it better not to explain too definitely the meaning of a book-plate design; since if the design itself is once satisfactory, its possessor is left free to give it an individual meaning or symbolism of his own, which renders it more personal to him. It also allows the plate to mean more to many different persons. A delicate *aura* of mystery which is of infinite suggestive value, may thus be allowed to surround any symbolic design; a mystery which, if too closely defined and analyzed, is certain to lose its original effect and power.

This tendency to symbolize is often illustrated in an amusing manner. The bookplate for Helen Noel, for instance, was a sketch made on the spur of the moment, and,

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indeed, as the simplest pun upon the meaning of the family name. The conventional attributes of Christmas were employed: the



tree decorated with its Christmas candles, the Star of Bethlehem, etc. Yet what was my amazement to hear a very young girl (she came from Hartford, it is true) tell how the plate had appealed to her,—the Tree of Life, the Lamps of Learning, the Star of Eternity,—until I felt almost ashamed of the flippant spirit in which I had conceived the design.

The significance of my own plate I am not disposed to explain. It does mean a great deal to me: it pleases for several reasons,—some sufficiently abstract to be readily defined, others so entirely personal that it is unnecessary and would probably be most uninteresting to analyze at length. For one thing, in furtherance of a feeling that I have always had that the design itself should be a sufficiently striking expression of individuality, I was able to reduce the lettering almost to non-existence. I have employed a more or less meaningless plant-growth in the borders, solely to blend the design back into the setting of its white background. The fleurs-de-lis, introduced where they break and relieve the interweav-

ing lines of this border, I use in a more arbitrary form with my signature, generally separating the date into two portions. The *motif* of the design itself, if I were compelled to put it into words, would be something to the effect that among one's books one may at least lay aside the mask that all, consciously or unconsciously, wear in the presence of other people. The two discs in the border are left for the insertion of the dates of the purchase and the reading of the volume.

In general, I find that my own tendency is toward producing, year after year, less formal and less elaborate designs. It may be that this is in part only a natural reaction, as a relief from the more mechanical architectural work which constitutes my usual routine; but yet the feeling toward a simple, free, and more informal design, providing, of course, that it is not of a nature easily to become tiresome, grows each year more and more evident. Especially I have found



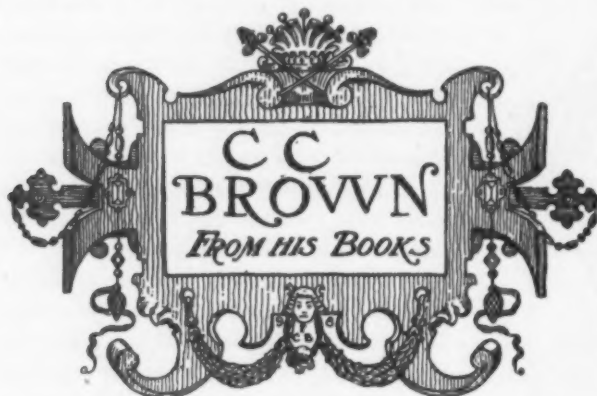
that the plate for the child or the girl offers, indeed, demands, just this freedom of treatment. The little designs for Itha May

THE CRAFTSMAN

Lenox, Barrett B. Russell, Fredrika Jackson, and Paul Bartlett Brown, contain something of this quality; while the sim-

for Mr. Belknap and Mr. Kittredge; while two plates for musicians are the designs for Mr. Loomis and Arthur Farwell; the rather more serious and scholarly feeling in the last suggesting the broad aims of its owner.

Personally, the historical quality of a plate makes little appeal to me; my pleasure depending solely upon its artistic value as a design, or, perhaps, I should more exactly say, as a decoration. It must never be forgotten that the plate is intended to become a part of the book, and that it reaches its true test,

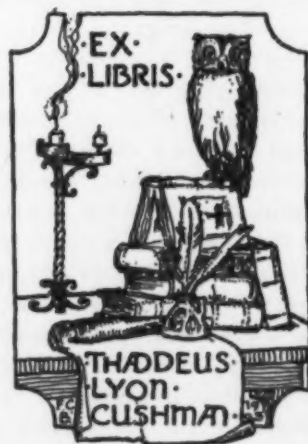


plicity and unity of idea evidenced in the William Kittredge and Frederick Ellis plates, for instance, should be a large factor in their lasting quality. The Cushman plate contains more of what we are pleased to call the "bookish favor;" while the plate for Arthur Farwell may be offered as an example of the blending of conservatism of idea with modernity of development and treatment.

Often an informal, off-hand sketch, such as the Noel or the Norris plate, will be more instantly pleasing than a more studied and labored effect, and, provided that it retain balance and reserve of composition, there is no reason that it should not possess a lasting quality as well. The Plant design suggests something more than the profession of its owner (that of an architect); while the Charles Albert law-plate has a more literal meaning, as may be also said of the Bunnell design. It hardly needs to be added that the owner of the latter is a mechanical engineer. Two actors' plates are those shown

when shown in place inside the book-cover, and not in the detached manner of these illustrations.

So we find that the book-plate, as I stated at the beginning of this article, is nothing



more or less than a label. Often the name-label, pure and simple, will make the most successful book-plate. As an instance, let

THE BOOK PLATE

me cite the simple book-plate made some years ago for my brother, Paul Bartlett Brown. This small design contains nothing but the name, enclosed within an unobtrusive border of Renaissance design. There is little "personality" suggested, and its "individuality" rests in the character of the ornament and the letter-forms alone. The one suggestion of "personality"—the birth month of the owner, indicated by the ram's head—is a very subordinate part of the decoration, and one which is absolutely a



development of the design itself. This treatment is a contrast to the display of the entire family history, which does much to mar the decorative book-plate.

Again, and finally, the only excuse and reason for being that we can give to the modern book-plate is its decorative quality. It must be so designed that it will become an appropriate part of any book. It is rarely indeed that any drawn design is seen so frequently as the book-plate must be, by the person possessing it, and it must be so care-

fully considered that it will meet the test of constant use and never become tiresome. So, at the end, we discover that the book-

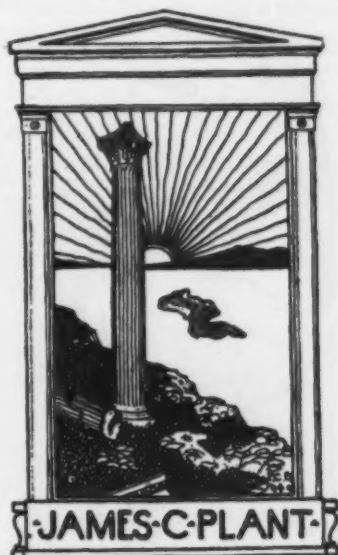


plate is, after all, but the outcome of the desire of the individual to possess an attractive symbol,—something that is personal to



him in its meaning; and that the revival of interest in the "Ex Libris" is but another instance of the awakening consideration

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given by the people of the present day to good printing, to the decoration of houses, the designing of furniture,—the general

A STUDY IN EVOLUTION

HE who first shortened the labor of copyists by device of movable types was disbanding hired armies, and cashiering most kings and senates, and creating a whole new democratic world: he had invented the art of printing. The first ground handful of nitre, sulphur and charcoal drove monk Schwartz's pestle through the ceiling: what will the last do? Achieve the final undisputed prostration of force under thought, of animal courage under spiritual. A simple invention it was in the old-world grazier,—sick of lugging his slow ox about the country till he got it bartered for corn or oil,—to take a piece of leather, and thereon scratch or stamp the mere figure of an ox (or *pecus*), put it in his pocket, and call it *pecunia*, money. Yet hereby did barter grow sale, the leather money is now golden and paper, and all miracles have been out-miracled: for there are Rothschilds and English national debts; whoso has sixpence is sovereign to the length of sixpence over all men; commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him,—to the length of sixpence. . . Clothes, too, which began in the foolishlest love of ornament, what have they not become! Increased security and pleasurable heat soon followed, but what of these? . . . Clothes gave us individuality, distinction, social polity; clothes have made men of us; they are threatening to make clothes-screens of us. . . Neither in tailoring nor in legislating does man proceed by mere accident, but the hand is ever guided on by mysterious operations of the mind.

Thomas Carlyle, in "Sartor Resartus."



art-crafts,—the improvements and advance in city arrangement and architecture; in short, that broad movement in the arts that has distinguished the beginning of this



HARVEY WOR
THINGTON:
LOOMIS

century, and which may be regarded as the first evidences of an artistic renaissance too long delayed.

THE INSECT IN DECORATION

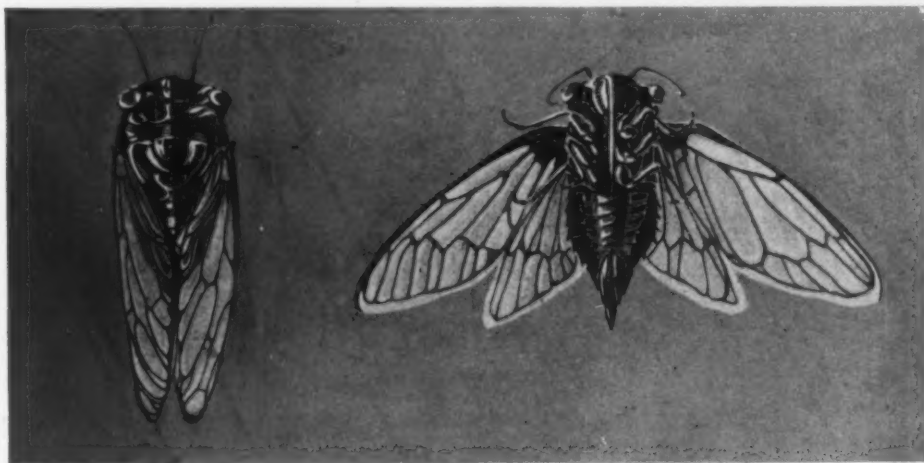
THE INSECT IN DECORATION. BY
M. P.-VERNEUIL. TRANSLATED
FROM THE FRENCH BY IRENE
SARGENT

THE artist is surrounded by themes fit for treatment, but if certain subjects attract the decorator, such as those offered by the world of plants, others seem to be almost ignored by him. Among this number is included the world of insects.

Individual artists have, indeed, fallen

stricter number of species: from the grasshopper, from the dragon-fly, and, above all, from butterflies. For, to the decorator, the insect world is usually represented by the butterfly species. This conception is an error, and the decorative artists who are subject to it, would be greatly surprised, if they looked about them, if they sought with enthusiasm and love the inexhaustible, eternal source of inspiration which lies in Nature. What closely kept marvels would they discover, what virgin riches!

Let us quote from Michelet, who said:



Study of the locust: wings folded; wings extended and lying on back. M. Benedictus

under the fascination of these forms of life, varying from frail to robust, and showing schemes of color graded from the delicate to the brilliant. But scarcely have the infinite resources which the study of the insect might offer to decorative art been touched below their surface.

A moment since, we alluded to those who have already given attention to this study. We can further point to the happy results which they have obtained from a very re-

"The arts proper, that is, the fine arts, would profit still more than industry, by the study of insects. The goldsmith, the lapidary will do well to seek from this realm of Nature models and lessons. The soft insects, like flies, have, in their eyes, especially magical rainbow effects with which no case of jewels, however rich, can bear comparison. There are always, if we pass from one species to another, and, if I mistake not, there are also among different individuals

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of the same species, new combinations to record. We observe that flies with brilliant wings do not always possess the most beautiful eyes. For example, the horse-fly, dull



Locust buckler. M. Benedictus

gray and dust-like in color, odious of aspect, feeding only upon warm blood, has eyes which, under the magnifying lens, offer the strange, magical effects of a mosaic of precious stones, such as the consummate art of Froment-Meurice could scarcely have combined."

Thus Michelet expressed himself in 1857, in his fine work upon the insect. With what enthusiasm and love he there describes the unexpected mysteries which were then revealed to him.

"The maybug, crudely shaped, prosaic at first sight, promises little. Nevertheless, its scaly wing, examined under the microscope, well lighted beneath the small mirror, and thus seen in transparency, presents the texture of a rich winter fabric of

a dead leaf hue, through which veins of a beautiful dark brown wind in serpentine lines. At night, it is all otherwise: there is no more brown, for the yellow portion of the shell has become predominant; by lamp-light only it becomes like gold (unworthy comparison), strange, magical, heavenly gold, such as one imagines for the walls of the celestial Jerusalem, and for the garment of light worn by the spirits in the presence of God. This gold is sunlight softer than that which proceeds from the real sun. It charms and touches the heart in an indefinable way.

"It is a strange illusion. And what things have I said? This festival of light proceeded from the wing of a common insect."

To know how to see, to understand Nature, this is the whole secret. In loving it with deep feeling, in examining its most minute and insignificant productions, the artist gains his rich reward of pure pleasure. The entire chapter of Michelet upon the renewal of the arts through the study of insect-life, might be quoted here with profit. But we shall limit our extracts to a few passages.

"In insects, beauty abounds without and within. It is in no wise necessary to search far in order to find it. Let us examine an ordinary insect, specimens of which I constantly find in the sand at Fontainebleau, in sun-lighted spots. This is the brilliant *cicindela*, which must be handled with precaution, since it is well armed. Very pleasing to the naked eye, it appears under the microscope as perhaps the richest object that can be studied by art. . . . Upon its wings there is a varied design of peacock's eyes. On the corselet, thread-like lines, diversely and lightly knotted, wind over a

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dark background. The under surface and the legs are brilliantly glazed with tones so rich that no enamel could support comparison with them: the eye itself can scarcely endure their vivid glow. Strange it is that near the enamels one finds the dull tones of the bloom and of the wings of the butterfly. To all these diverse elements there are added touches of what one might believe to be human art,—touches in the Oriental styles—Persian, Turkish, Indian, as in old textiles, in which the colors, slightly faded, have acquired, so to speak, admirable base notes; their harmony having been gradually subdued by the soft hand of time.

"Frankly speaking, what is similar, what is comparable even to a degree with these, among the expressions of our arts? Languishing as they are, how thoroughly could they refresh themselves at these living sources!

"Usually, instead of having direct recourse to Nature, that inexhaustible fountain of beauty and originality, they have made appeal to the arts of former times, to the past of man."

Does not this quoted passage, written fifty years since, by the great author who studied so sympathetically the Bird and the Insect, define, with perfect comprehension, the state and the needs of decorative art? Let us recognize, however, that we have made progress since that time. Decorative art has rejected, or, at least, has begun to reject copies and constant repetitions. But a long way yet remains to be pursued. Artists have returned to Nature, but what unexplored riches remain, which would allow them to renew and to vary continually the sources of inspiration!

Again, Michelet writes: "Should we

copy? By no means. These small creatures, owing to the fact that they are alive and in their mating attire, possess a grace, and are surrounded by an aureola which can not be translated into art. We must love them, gain inspiration from them, derive from them new iridescences and new arrangements of color. So transformed, they will be, not as they appear in Nature, but fantastic and marvelous, such as they are seen by the child who, in his dreams, pursues them, or by the young girl who longs for beautiful ornaments."

Such is Michelet's magic call from a world too little known to artists. May it



Locust comb, executed in horn. M. Benedictus

inspire certain among them with the desire to see and the will to know!

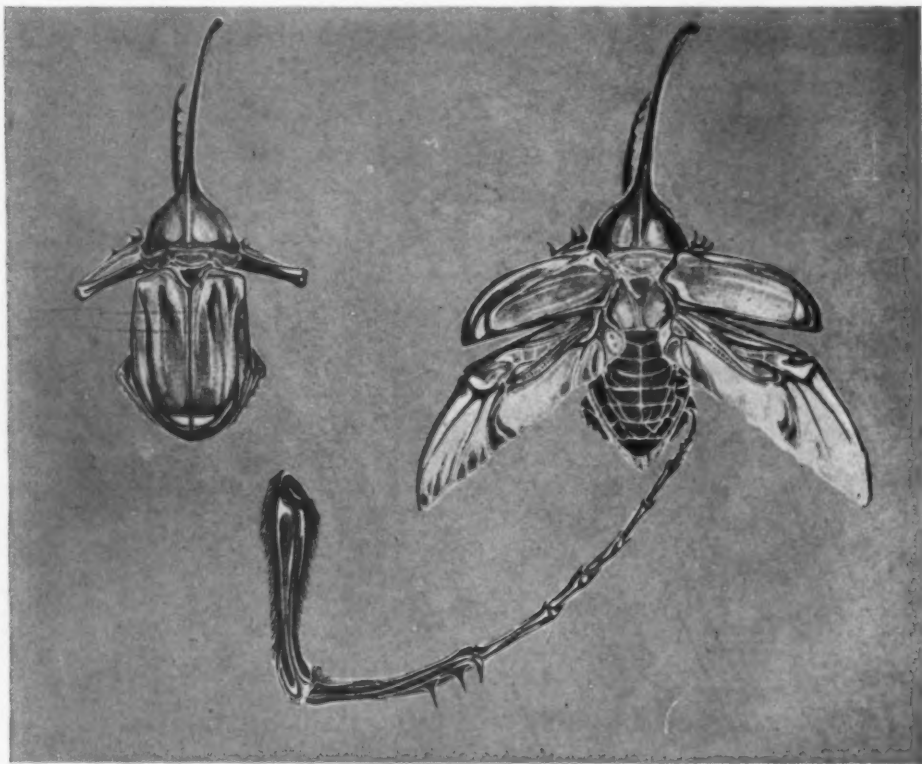
This world we do not undertake to reveal, for that would be an overwhelming labor.

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We have resolved simply to indicate a few of its resources; others, we hope, by advancing deeply into the subject, will derive therefrom valuable knowledge, which they may use to the profit of decorative art, to the furtherance of its renewal in form and harmony.

In these unusual thoughts and words, Michelet pictures the world of insects, an unknown and mysterious realm.

In truth, what do we know of it? The only representatives that our carelessness allows us to perceive are butterflies, dragonflies, bees and flies. Without doubt, these



Study of hercules beetle; anterior view; elytra raised, allowing the wings to be seen; enlarged leg, showing articulation. M. Benedictus

"There is a world beneath our world, above it, within it, all around it, which we do not suspect. Lightly, gently, at certain moments, we hear it murmur or rustle, and then we say: 'That is something insignificant; that is nothing.' But that nothing is the infinite."

species are among the most interesting selected from the innumerable families of Nature. Others exist which we do not know, which we shall never know, unless, indeed, impelled by our love of study, we devote ourselves to examine them and to investigate minutely their forms and their

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habits. These are researches attractive in the highest degree to both the artist and the man of science. But the first step here, as always, is the most difficult and the one which costs.

Let us therefore make it together.

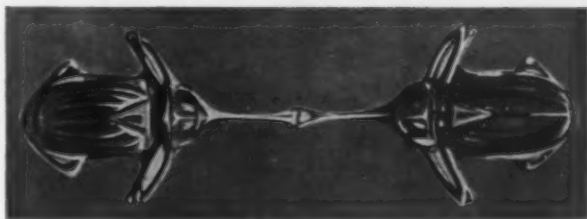
The world of insects is almost limitless, whether one considers the number of its different families, or the multitude of its individuals. In entering it, it is well to be provided with a scientific definition of the form of life to be studied.

According to such definition an insect is an animal whose horny skin constitutes an exterior skeleton, and which is, consequently, devoid of an interior skeleton. It has a symmetrical body, and is armed with three pairs of legs and articulated appendices. The last named attributes distinguish them from the crustaceans with which they have several characteristics in common.

Everywhere insects exist: in air and in water, upon the surface of the earth and beneath it. Their legions are without number, and certain species of them render most valuable services to man. Others, on the contrary, are noxious to him. As to their external forms, they are sometimes remarkable, often strange, and always interesting. Michelet describes them well when he says: "The arsenal of singular weapons borne usually by the insect seems a menace to the human being. Living in a world of warfare, the insect has been armed at all points. The species native to the tropics are formidable in appearance. Nevertheless, the majority of the weapons which affright us: pincers, tentacles, saws,

spits, augers (*terebrae*), probosces, blades and saw-teeth,—all these arms of aggression with which they appear like old soldiers going to war, prove often, after examination, to be peaceful implements which aid them to gain a livelihood. They are the tools of their trade."

Hard labor is, in reality, often imposed upon them. In order to construct their dwelling-places or the cradles in which the eggs of the mother-insects are laid, immense effort is necessary, and the resulting constructive works overwhelm the mind of the spectator by the perfection and sureness of the means employed and the exquisite skill displayed. To forage the hardest



Mantle clasp in dull horn. *M. benedictus*

woods and the most exhausted lands; to grind and mix plaster; to rear lofty palaces or to burrow immense subterranean chambers: such labors seem to be merely child's play for these frail organisms, which compensate for their weakness by the perfection of their tools and by their persistency in the pursuit of their tasks.

The singular appearance of insects results not only from the tools and accessories with which they bristle, but also from the immobility of their countenances, from the absence of all expression in their faces. They are knights clothed in armor, with their visors perpetually lowered. But they are knights who have arrayed themselves in

THE CRAFTSMAN

their most splendid vestments. Nothing is too beautiful for them: velvet and silk, precious stones and rare metals, superb enamels, laces, brocades, are lavishly used in their garments. Emeralds, rubies and pearls, golds dull and burnished, polished silver, mother-of-pearl mingle, chord, or contrast with one another. They create the sweetest harmonies and the most daring disso-

But all is strange in the insect, and the eyes are not exempt from the prevailing rule. There are not simply two eyes: there are thousands of eyes united in proëminent masses which are cut in hexagonal facets. Thus the insect, without moving, can embrace the whole horizon. The crustaceans have, indeed, movable eyes, articulated upon a peduncle, and capable of turning in



Study of the stag-beetle posed upon sun-flowers. M. Mucha

nances. What lessons do they not afford an attentive colorist!

Their helmets are surmounted with singular plumes: the *antennae*. These are organs whose functions are as yet undetermined and which assume the most diverse forms: appearing in filaments or scales, in combs or mace-like clubs, or yet in silky tufts. Here also Nature has given free course to her fancy.

Near the *antennae* the eyes are placed,

all directions; but how much more convenient and serviceable is the eye of the insect which sees everywhere at once! How incomprehensible appears the work of Nature, which gives two eyes to the human being, eight thousand to the maybug, and fifteen thousand to certain other species!

But the most interesting observation to be made upon insects concerns their successive transformations.

Animals, for the most part, are born in

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the form which, with modifications, they are to retain throughout their life. They grow, they change slightly, but nothing more.

It is quite different with the insect. In order to arrive at its ultimate form, several transformations, several existences, so to speak, are necessary to it, and thence results

Among other species, the change is not wholly accomplished and the later phases are less dissimilar from those presented by the insect in the first period of its existence.

But this is not the place to offer a course in natural history. Nevertheless, it was relevant to our purpose to define an insect, although we have used elementary and non-



Study of the locust. Bellery-Desfontaines

the material for that most attractive study of metamorphosis.

These transformations are in reality most radical. For example, the light and brilliant butterfly, graceful in flight, glowing in color, begins his life groveling upon the soil, in the state of the repulsive caterpillar. In this case, the metamorphosis is complete.

scientific terms. But, as we have already said, the world of insects is immense, and the families divided into similar species are innumerable. It now becomes necessary to speak briefly of the classification of insects.

These forms of life have been arranged in seven distinct orders or groups, each possessing very distinctive characteristics:

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the *coleoptera*, the *orthoptera*, the *hemiptera*, the *neuroptera*, the *hymenoptera*, the *lepidoptera*, and the *diptera*.

We shall rapidly indicate the general characteristics of each one of these orders. The *coleoptera* are grinding insects, provided with two pairs of dissimilar wings; the upper pair being opaque, hard, horny, and useless for flight. These are the *elytra* which cover the true wings; the latter being light, membranous and folded downward.

They have two pairs of wings, and often, although not always, the upper pair are of horny substance. It appears strange that the wood *cimex* and the grasshopper can represent the same order.

The *neuroptera* are typified in the beautiful dragon-fly. They are grinding insects, whose four transparent wings, composed of an extremely thin substance, are supported upon a more or less complicated armature of nerves.



Study of the so-called praying-locust : whole and detail of the predatory claws. M. P.-Verneuil

The stag-beetle, the maybug, the hercules-beetle, are typical representatives of this order. The *orthoptera* are also grinding insects, with two pairs of wings, both of which serve in flight, although the upper pair, harder and closely folded, protect the lower pair when in repose. The large green grasshopper, the so-called praying-locust, belongs to the *orthoptera*.

The *hemiptera* are sucking insects, very dissimilar as to form from the above-de-

The *hymenoptera*, also, are grinding insects. They, too, are provided with transparent wings, which, however, are less closely ribbed than in the preceding family. The wasp, the bumble-bee and the honey-bee are examples of this natural order.

To the *lepidoptera* belong the light butterflies, which are sucking insects provided with four scaly wings. These we have purposely set aside together with the dragon-flies; reserving them for a future study.

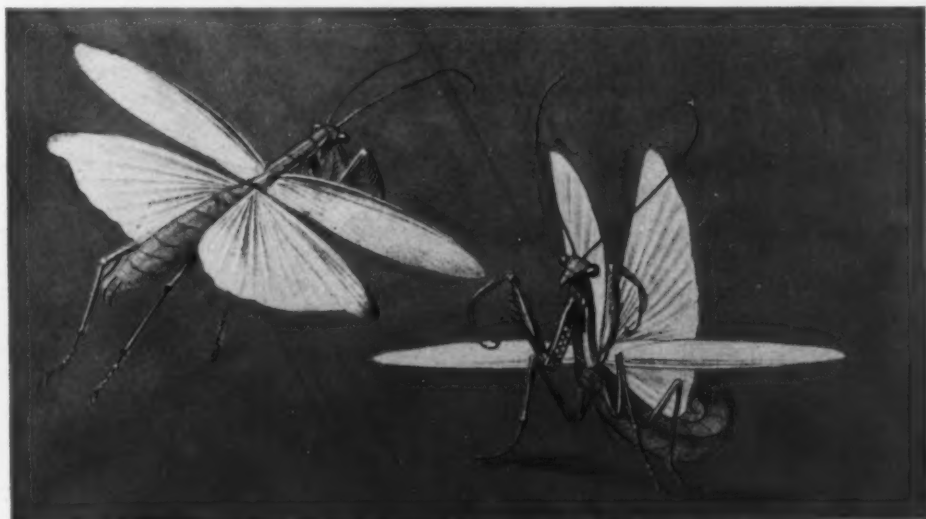
THE INSECT IN DECORATION

There remain the *diptera*, the most disagreeable among insects. They are nippers and suckers, and are well represented by the mosquito.

We have thus faintly outlined the classification of the insect world; seeking, at least, to typify all the orders, omitting the butterflies and the dragon-flies for the reason previously stated, and the mosquitoes, which do not lend themselves to decorative treatment. We shall now speak of the

with the whole, it passes afterward to details.

The insect must be presented under all its aspects: it must be seen from above, from below, in profile, anteriorly, posteriorly. Its different habits must be noted: its walk, its repose, its flight. Then follow the details of its members and their articulations, of the wings and their texture, of the head, of the ornamentation of its body, and finally of the color-scheme. In brief, the



Praying-locust in the attitude of combat. M. P.-Verneuil

species which we have selected for examination, as well as of what should constitute a study of insect life.

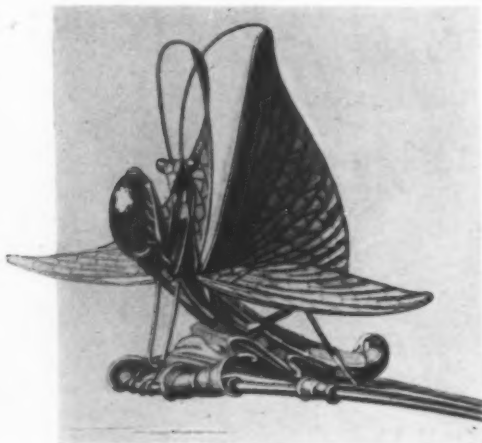
As in all cases of study from Nature, an examination of the insect, made with a view toward decorative use, should be, primarily, an analysis scrupulous and methodical of external forms. It is certain, nevertheless, that anatomy can be of no use in decorative art. But the observation of external forms must be systematic and logical. Beginning

analysis must be sufficiently complete to permit the artist to reconstruct, without other aid, the insect under examination, in all its positions and its attitudes.

The artists whose designs we here illustrate have not felt themselves obliged to furnish complete studies. But the sketches which we give are, so to speak, excellent indications, and show how the study of Nature may be pursued according to individual temperament and methods.

THE CRAFTSMAN

The grasshopper or locust is the insect which has proven the most interesting to artists. Of this species, M. Benedictus



Locust comb. M. P.-Verneuil

offers us a study worthy of detailed examination. The quality of his drawing causes us to regret its incompleteness. How interesting the profile and the details of the insect would have been drawn by this hand! What character we find here! What strength of structure resides in this little organism! And what a fruitful scheme of ornament the artist can derive from it!

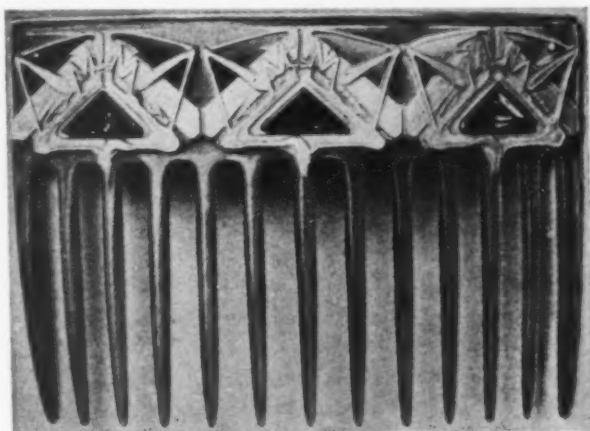
M. Benedictus offers us two fine applications: a plaque in perforated steel, somewhat recalling the guards of Japanese swords. The decorative use of the wings, which are indicated alone by the strong webbing, is most curious and interesting. A comb made from horn, the work of the same artist, is also a study of the grasshopper; two

specimens of the insect being confronted.

In another study, M. Benedictus has treated the hercules beetle. The family of this insect is a tropical division of the *coleoptera*, inhabiting principally Colombia and the Antilles. It is a giant of the insect world, its height attaining twelve and even thirteen centimetres.

Again, in this instance, we must regret that M. Benedictus has only partially studied the insect. The position of the wings gives added interest from the fact that the hercules is the only member of the *coleoptera* family which is here studied in flight. But how interesting the profile would have been, defining for us the exact form of the horns and giving precise information regarding their articulation! This variety of insect M. Benedictus has utilized in a finely studied clasp.

In a decorative border, M. Mucha has



Comb. M. René Lalique

treated the stag-beetle. But he has not perhaps taken all possible advantage of his theme. His study is charming, although it

THE INSECT IN DECORATION

is incomplete, since the insect is represented with folded, rather than extended wings. His insects, placed upon sunflowers, do not rest upon the blossoms. Further than the difference of scale between the insects and flowers, which is considerable, the insects are juxtaposed upon the floral *motif* without uniting with it to form a single design.

As for myself, I do not feel qualified to offer a study of the so-called praying-locust or to treat it decoratively. But let me only be permitted to describe the insect, which is one of the most singular and characteristic of our country. The *Prega-Diou* of Provence, the *Prie-Dieu* of the remainder of

bristle, harpooning in its flight the unhappy insect, which is thus tortured and devoured alive.

If an adversary of large size appear, the locust does not retire. But, in order to terrify the enemy, it at once transforms itself into a kind of small but frightful dragon. The bust is then contracted and forced inward; the predatory claws, being spread apart, disclose the black and white spots which are constellated upon the inferior surface; the abdomen becomes concave; the upper wings are elongated horizontally; while the lower ones are pointed upward. In truth, the insect then assumes



Comb. M. René Lalique

France, is also the *Prophet* (*Mavris*) of the ancient Greeks: these singular names having been acquired by the insect because of the attitudes which it assumes.

Green in color, confounding itself with foliage, this locust awaits for hours, with unwearying patience, the passing of small prey. For the gentle and gracious names under which it passes, conceal the true character of this formidable carnivore. With its bust inflated and tense, in an attitude of reflection, with its long predatory claws folded and joined, the locust appears truly to be absorbed in prayer. But let a gnat pass, and immediately the long claws of the locust extend; the hooks, with which they

a strange, ferocious and fantastic attitude. I have represented it thus in combat, and have used this characteristic pose in composing a diadem-comb.

Let me add to this brief study that the triangular head of this insect is movable, and gives to its owner a real and powerful facial expression.

It is quite unnecessary to add in closing that the great Nature-student and artist, M. René Lalique, often introduces insects into the decoration of his jewels. Among such themes we note the grasshopper. It is also useless to observe that M. Lalique treats such themes with great distinction. The

THE CRAFTSMAN

comb and the necklace here illustrated, will prove our statement and will point to the fact that one of the greatest geniuses of our times has put into practice the counsels given a half century ago by the thoughtful, Nature-worshipping Michelet. M. Lalique has renewed his ancient traditional craft, and has placed it upon a level with the fine arts. He has largely effected these desirable results through his passionate devotion to the minute and humble creatures of the animal and vegetable kingdoms: by making a frank and loyal return to the Great Mother.

From Art et Décoration, January, 1904

WILLIAM MORRIS: HIS TASTES IN ART AND LITERATURE.

FOR the refined products of modern ingenuity which did not root themselves back on that old tradition, he had as little taste in literature as in painting. The modern books which in later life he read with the greatest enjoyment were those which, without artifice or distinction of style, dealt with a life whether actual or imaginary, which approached his ideal in its simplicity and its close relation to Nature, especially among a race of people who remained face to face with the elementary facts of life, and had never become fully sophisticated by civilization. In this spirit, he admired and praised works like Mr. Doughty's "Arabia Deserta," or "Uncle Remus," from which he was always willing and eager to read aloud, or "Huck Finn," which he half-jestingly pronounced to be the greatest thing, whether in art or nature,

that America had produced. For refinement of style, for subtle psychology in creation, he had but little taste. He could not admire either Meredith or Stimson. When he was introduced to Ibsen's plays and called on to join in admiring their union of accomplished dramatic craftsmanship with the most modern movement of ideas, they were dismissed by him in the terse and comprehensive criticism, "Very clever, I must say." But neither elaboration of style nor advanced modernism of treatment stand in the way of his appreciation when the substance of a book was to his liking, and among the books which in recent years he praised most highly were the masterpieces of Pierre Loti and Maurice Maeterlinck.

"Master of himself and therefore of all near him," Morris at the same time retained the most childlike simplicity in the expression of his actual thoughts or feelings on any subject, and was as little hampered by false shame as he was guided by convention. In some points he remained an absolute child to the end of his life. If you introduced him to a friend and he had the faintest suspicion that he was there to be shown off, his manners instantly became intolerable. As childlike was another of his characteristics—the constant desire to be in actual touch with the things he loved. He became a member of the Society of Antiquarians for no other reason than that he might be part-owner of one of their mediaeval painted books. The mere handling of a beautiful thing seemed to give him intense physical pleasure. "If you have got one of his books in your hands for a minute," Burne-Jones said of him, "he'll take it away from you as if you were hurting it, and show it you himself."

*From the Life of William Morris,
J. W. Mackail.*

ALEUTIAN BASKETRY

BASKETRY OF THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS. BY C. GADSDEN PORCHER.

TO most basket collectors, the term "Attu Basket" means a beautifully woven, rather frail and very expensive basket, which comes from some indefinitely situated island somewhere near Alaska.

This island, Attu, is in reality almost a thousand miles from the main land of Alaska, as it is the extreme western island of the Aleutian chain, which extends in the arc of a circle, and in a westerly direction from the southwest corner of Alaska proper, forming the dividing line between the Pacific Ocean and Bering sea. Attu is the most westerly point of land of North America, and is, in fact, so far to the westward that it is actually in eastern longitude. The great distance of the island from the lines of traffic is the chief cause of the value of Attu baskets, although the limited supply is also a factor.

Although there are eight villages among the Aleutian islands, most of the baskets that reach the market pass under the name of Attu. Many a basket which has not been within hundreds of miles of this place, is sold as an Attu to the unsuspecting collector. This is not always because the dealer wishes to mislead, but because he does not know. In fact, it is often a very hard matter to decide where a certain basket is made; for natives moving from one village to another, take their methods with them. There is, however, usually something in the weave of a basket which indicates to an expert the locality from which it came.

In all of the eight Aleutian villages: Attu

on Attu island, Atka on Atka island, Nikol'ski on Umnak island, and Unalakpa, Makushin, Kashiga, Chernofski and Beorka on Unalaska island, the materials of basketry are the same, with the exception of those which are used in decoration. What is said of one as to the grass and its curing and preparation, can be said of all, except that more care and skill are exercised at Attu and Atka, than at any of the other places. The grass,—wild rye,—the only material supplied by nature for the making of baskets in these regions, grows profusely on all the islands, and all along the Western coast of Alaska. It is a coarse, heavy grass, with blades about two feet long by a little more than a half inch wide. It heads in the autumn, and looks somewhat like wheat; but the heads are generally light, and there is seldom any grain in them. There is always a rank growth of this grass along the water's edge. In the villages, it grows everywhere, even on the tops of the *barabaras*, or sod huts, in which the natives live. The basket maker is very careful in the selection of her grass; long experience having taught her that the grass growing so rank in front of her door is coarse and weak, and that to get strong, tough material, she must go to the hillsides. Just before the grass begins to head, that is, between the first and the middle of July, the growth is at its best, and, at this time, women can be seen all over the hills gathering quantities of it for the winter's work. This is no ordinary grass cutting; it is a slow and tedious process of selecting the good and of rejecting the unsuitable. Never more than three, and often only two blades are taken from the stalk. These are the younger ones, which are of a much more

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delicate fibre and are much stronger than the older leaves. These two or three blades are broken off at the base, and, when taken home, are spread out in rows on the ground, where they are carefully watched and turned for about two weeks. They are kept out of the sunlight as much as possible since the heat tends to dry the grass too quickly for strength. It is true that the islands are very little troubled with sunshine. Some weather observations by the Russian missionary Veniaminof, covering a period of seven years, show fifty-three clear days, one thousand two hundred sixty-three cloudy days, and one thousand two hundred thirty days when it rained, hailed or snowed. This does not mean that the sun was seen only forty-three times in seven years, for it is not uncommon to see a dozen showers in a day with bright sunshine between, yet this would not be counted a clear day. When the grass has reached the proper degree of softness or wilt,—that is, in about two weeks, it is taken into the house and sorted. The blades are all separated, the coarse, the medium and the fine inner blade; each having its own pile. Those of the two coarser grades are split with the thumb nail into three parts; the middle piece with the heavy rib being discarded. The very fine, young blades are too soft and tender as yet for much handling, so they are dried whole. The different grades are now made in small bundles and hung out to dry on a sort of clothes line, made of braided grass. This must be done altogether on foggy and cloudy days, and the process requires about a month. During this drying, at a certain stage, each bundle is twisted or wrung, so as to separate the fibres and make the grass more pliable and tough.

The drying is finished indoors. When they are almost dry, the bundles are separated into wisps about the size of a finger, and the ends braided loosely together, so that they will not tangle. A single piece can be pulled out, just as a woman pulls out a thread of darning cotton from a braid. When it is to be so used, the grass is split with the thumb nail to the desired fineness.

The result of the above method of curing gives a rich straw color to the coarser straw; while the finer straw is almost white. At Attu, they cure a grass still whiter by cutting it in November and hanging up the whole stalk, roots uppermost, until dry. But this material is used only to make white stripes in the warp of "drawstring" baskets; as it is very weak, having been practically weathered white before it was cut. There is still another shade procured at Attu, and sometimes at Unalaska. This is a very soft tea-green, obtained by keeping the grass near the houses, in the dense shade of the growth of weeds and grass, for the first two weeks of the curing. It is then taken out and dried, as in the first method, only it is kept more in the shade.

Beside the grass, the only materials used are for the decorations. At Attu, they decorate with colored silks, or worsteds, worked into designs, with vertical stripes of green or white grass, and, also, with the very white and papery skin taken from the throat of a fish of the sculpin family, called by the natives "Koloshka." At other places, silks and worsteds are the only decorations, save that occasionally white eagle-down is used by natives at Makushin and Beorka, and thin strips of seal-gut, colored with native paints, at Umnak. But these two last are seldom, if ever, seen now. At

ALEUTIAN BASKETRY

one time, the use of the down of eagles and of other birds was quite common with all the natives, but this was long since discontinued. Worsteds and silks are generally procurable from the traders and are more convenient to handle. Often, when the weavers cannot get these materials, they ravel out a scrap of cloth and use the ravelings.

By far the greater part of the basket weaving is done during the winter months and, therefore, indoors. Most of the natives in the western villages live in *barabaras* or sod huts. These are all alike and from the outside look like grass-covered mounds about six feet high. There is a little door at the side, near one end, and a small glazed window at the other end. The door opens into a room about four or five feet long by seven or eight wide. On one side is a fire place with cooking utensils and a pile of grass, roots, etc., called "chiksha," for fuel. At the other side is a wooden partition with a door opening into the living room, which is from seven to ten feet square, with straw on the floor and a narrow wooden bunk on each side. The inhabitants are kept warm by not allowing any of the heated air to escape, and as the natives live chiefly on dried salmon, it is not hard to imagine the state of the atmosphere. On entering one of these huts, a novice will immediately back out to get a breath of fresh air, but if there is hope of a basket to be found, the collector cannot be kept away, and soon making a strong mental effort, he takes a long breath of air and dives in, not breathing again until he comes to the surface with his trophies. These must be aired before they can be stored away. How such fine and beautiful work can be done in such a

place and in such light is hard to tell, yet here it is done. The weaver sits on the ground with knees doubled up nearly to her chin. Often some little girl, five or six years old, away in a corner, so quiet that one would never know of her presence, weaves away as if she had been doing it a lifetime, and she does surprisingly good work. There is a little girl six years old at Atka who can weave with either zigzag, straight, or crossed warp, and who does quite as good work as some of the women.

While the types of basket made in the different villages are usually distinct, in

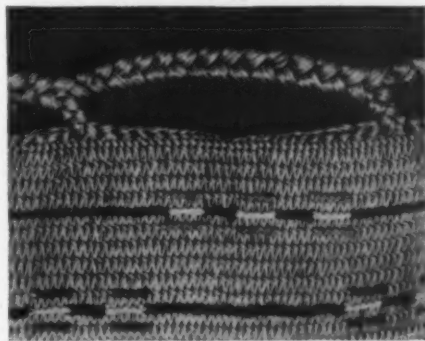


Figure 1. Plain twine, openwork weave, with zigzag warp, used in Attu "drawstring" baskets

several instances, strange mixtures have been found, for when a basket-maker of one village moves to another, she generally mingles the methods of both places.

Starting with Attu, there comes first the burden-basket of the people, often known as the Attu "drawstring." This is a collapsible basket, cylindrical in shape, with a height about equal to its diameter. The upper ends of the grass forming the warp, terminate in a braid which runs around the top, and continues on in a string or strap for carrying, about three times as long as the basket is wide. The weave which is

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peculiar to Attu, although imitated in other places, is a plain twine, openwork weave, with a zigzag warp. At the bottom, the warp is straight and radiates to the sides,



Figure II. Plain twine weave, with straight warp and closely drawn woof (enlarged)

where these straws are split and extend up in a zigzag; each half being caught alternately by the woof with its other half and the adjoining half of the next straw, thus forming triangular openings. So as to give extra strength where the strain of carrying falls,—that is, at the place where the string is attached and the place where it is made fast, on the side opposite,—there are three or four pieces of grass twisted into cords. These extend to the bottom and form part of the warp. In their native climate, where the atmosphere is always damp, these baskets are surprisingly strong and carry safely as many salmon as they can hold, the largest of them from forty to fifty pounds. The same baskets in a steam-heated museum might be broken at a touch. The decorations on this type of basket consist of a border of worsted, or worsted and fish skin, just below the braid. It is sometimes said that these baskets are woven under water, but the straw is always

so damp from the atmosphere that it does not have to be even dampened when worked.

The Attu covered baskets are always small and made from finely split grass. The weave is a plain twine with a straight warp and closely drawn woof, making a flexible but almost watertight basket. In weaving, the woof is drawn close at once, as is the case with all fine work of these natives, and is not driven down afterwards, as is sometimes supposed. The decorations in these baskets are done with silk or worsted threads; the figures being scattered all over the sides and top. There is also a pleasing variation made by working two or three rows with crossed warp, thus forming small hexagonal openings.

It is in cigarette cases that the climax is reached, for there is nothing in basketry to compare with their fineness. These are made with straight warp, plain twine weave, the same that is used in the small covered baskets, but much finer. Some of the finer

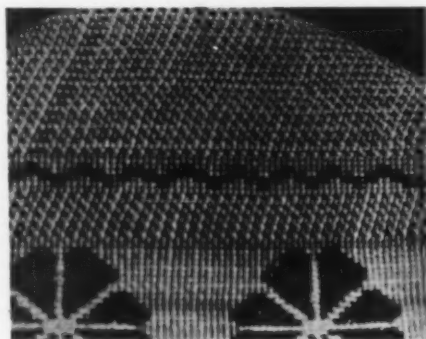


Figure III. Cigarette case (enlarged), showing hexagonal openings in the plain twine, crossed warp weave

cigarette cases have as many as fifty meshes to the inch. In weaving, to keep the work smooth and straight, the weaver has two round pieces of wood, one a little greater in

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diameter than the other, over which the outer and inner parts of the case are woven. They are then drawn off, finished at the tops, creased at the bottoms and slipped

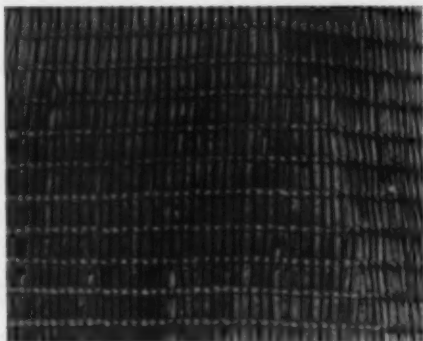


Figure IV. Plain twine, openwork weave, with straight warp (enlarged)

one inside the other. The decorations are of silk, very often with several rows of open work, done with the crossed warp. They are almost always charming in both color and design.

Beside the baskets above mentioned, the Attu natives make mats of the same weave as the "drawstring" baskets, and cover bottles with the close weave used in the covered baskets.

At Atka, the most usual product is a large covered basket of straight warp, plain twine weave; the woof running in rows, more or less separated, leaving rectangular openings. The sides bulge out like a barrel and are larger at the top than at the bottom. The pieces are decorated all over the tops and sides with worsted or silk. Here the small covered baskets are similar to those made at Attu, only, as a rule, the work is finer.

The Atka burden-basket is the strongest of all the Aleutian baskets; being made very

heavy and in a wrapped twine weave, differing from the plain twine in having one element of the woof running horizontally outside the basket. Though roughly finished, this basket is quite attractive. However, it is seldom seen away from the island, as it is made for daily use, and not for sale. There is no decoration; but around the top there is a heavy braid to which a strap or rope is tied, by which to carry it. These natives also make mats in the straight warp openwork, and cover bottles with a great waste of beautifully fine work.

The baskets made at Nikolski are, for the greater part, a coarse imitation of the Attu "drawstring." They are of bad shape and have no string. However, a basket is sometimes found at this place which is different from any found elsewhere. It is a straight warp, plain twine openwork weave. The bottom is very coarse, but beautifully flat and evenly made. The sides come up straight, but the diameter is greater at the



Figure V. Wrapped twine weave used in Atka burden baskets

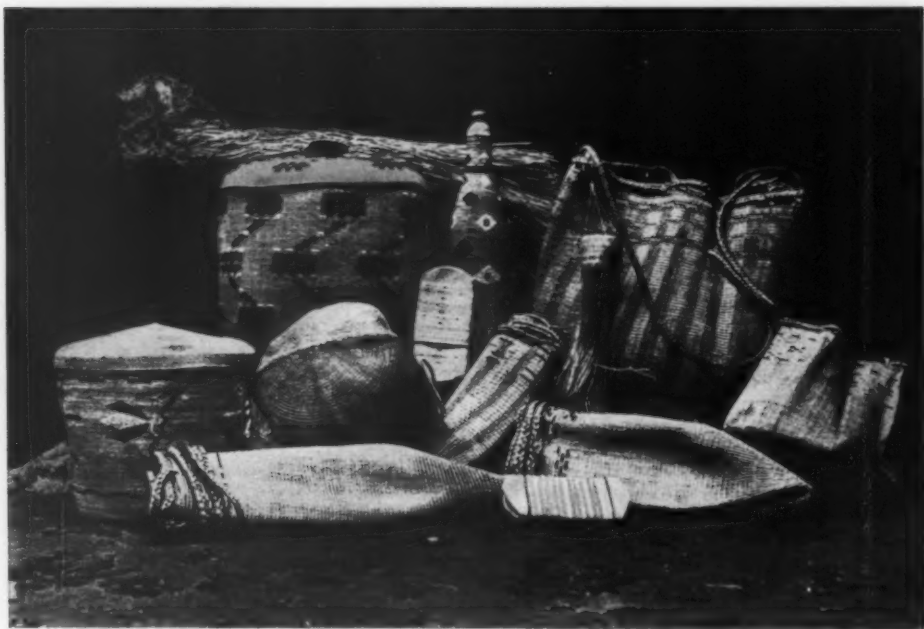
top than it is at the bottom. Near the bottom, the weave is coarse and the warp heavy. At every row or two of the woof, the warp is split and the weave becomes finer and finer,

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till at the top it is of a close fine weave where the warp is terminated in a fine braid. The decorations, if any, are at the upper edge and are of worsted or very thin strips of seal-gut, colored red or black, with native paints.

At Chernofski and Kashiga the baskets are large and of irregular shape, much larger at the top than at the bottom. The

The natives of Makushin and Beorka make a very good covered basket of the same weave as that used at Attu in covered baskets, with the difference that these, though of smooth and regular weave, are much coarser and heavier, making a more serviceable basket and one that holds its shape better than the finer ones. At the present time, these are decorated with



Atka

Figure VI. Types of Attu and Atka work
Attu

Attu

Attu

weave is the plain twine with straight warp, the rows in the woof being separated by intervals as great as half an inch. They are decorated all over with worsted and are in a way attractive and rather savage in their coloring. There also is made a poor imitation of the Attu "drawstring," coarse and irregular, with no braiding or string at the top.

worsted, but until quite recently, the ends of the down, stripped from eagle plumes, were woven in, so that the little plumes stand out about an inch and give a pretty feathery effect.

At Unalaska, where natives from all the different islands come from time to time, the influence of the whites is strong, and the baskets take all manner of fantastic shapes

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and show all sorts of combinations of weaves and designs. There are some very good baskets of the Attu "drawstring" type, the only noticeable difference being in the string, which is either shorter or omitted altogether. There are also some good covered baskets of the Makushin type, but the great majority of Unalaska baskets are crude and

nothing about basketry, as the great majority of customers are of this class.

As was said above, the chief reason for the high valuation placed on Attu and Atka baskets is that these places are so inaccessible, and so far from the beaten track of vessels, that it will not pay to send a vessel out solely for the purposes of collection.

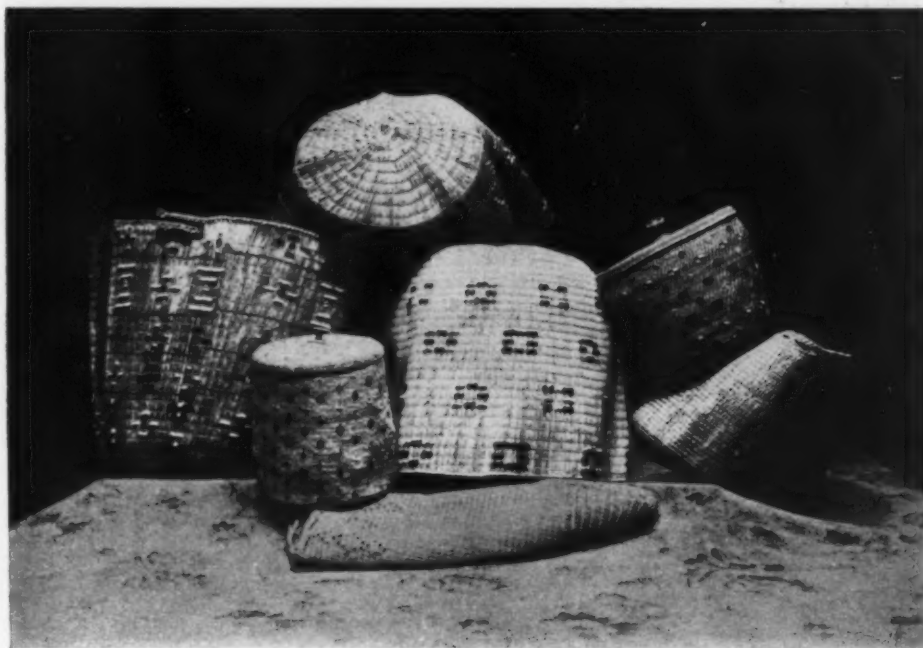


Figure VII. Types of Unalaska Island baskets
Chernofski Makushin Makushin Beorka Makushin

gaudy imitations of better baskets made at other places. In fact, if the collector obtains a basket which is such a hybrid as to defy classification, he will be safe in putting it down as a product of Unalaska. Of course, such baskets are all made to sell, and these monstrosities are simply the result of competition and the desire to invent something new that will attract those who know

Communication with the outside world occurs twice a year, once when a schooner, owned by a trader living at Atka, goes out early in the spring, and a little later at the arrival of the revenue cutter, which is sent out each year to look after the welfare of the people. The owner of the schooner takes out supplies for the year, and, in turn, brings away baskets and furs. The natives



Figure VIII. Making an Attu "drawstring"



Figure IX. Interior of a "barabara," at Attu

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are wholly dependent on the trader for these supplies, while he practically owns the population, keeping it in debt most of the time. He never fails to get out early in the spring, knowing how few baskets would be left if the cutter should chance to arrive first. But the natives know that the cutter will soon arrive, and they keep hidden all the baskets that they dare.

These people are pleasant to deal with and speak English well enough to be easily understood. They are inclined to favor the officers of the cutter, and, as a rule, never make them pay more than twice as much as the trader, unless they are bad at a bargain. Like all natives, they are good merchants, and appear utterly indifferent whether they trade or not, and, in fact, act as if they were doing a favor, when they bring out a basket which they are really longing to sell. It is slow work dealing with them, and impossible to get all the baskets they have to sell, in less than three or four days, as they never bring out more than one at a time, and as each one wants to see what kind of bargains the others are making. However, they do not object to having their *barabaras* rummaged, and as this is by far the quickest method, it is usually employed, for after the basket is found, there is never any trouble in making a purchase.

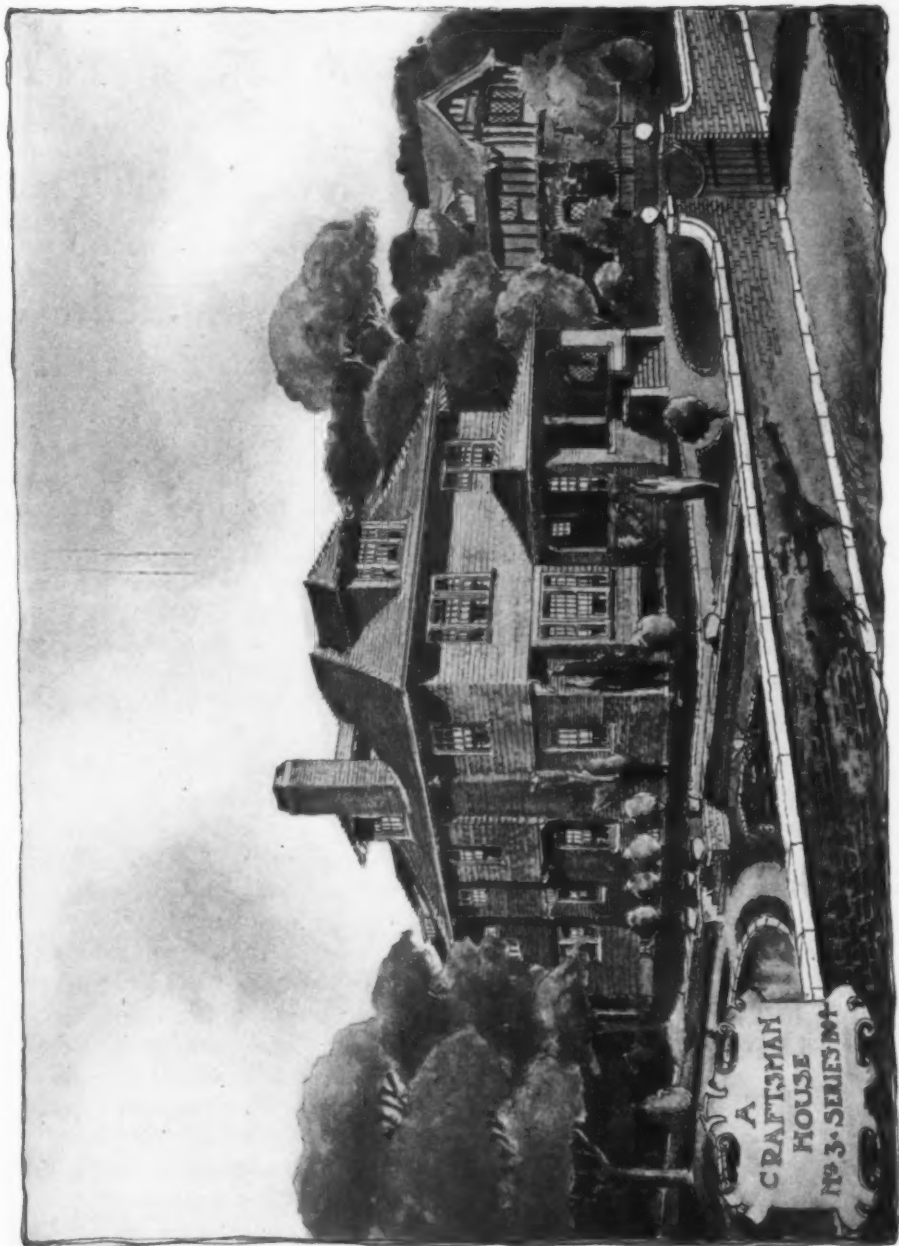
RUSKIN AS MASTER OF PROSE

TO prove my assertions regarding Ruskin, I take a well-known piece of his early writing, the old Tower of Calais Church, a passage which has haunted my memory for nearly forty years:

"The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet with-

out sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds, and over-grown with the bitter sea grasses; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling; its desert of brick-work, full of bolts, and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare brown rock; its carelessness of what any one thinks or feels about it; putting forth no claim, having no beauty, nor desirableness, pride, nor grace; yet neither asking for pity; not, as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days; but useful still, going through its own daily work—as some old fisherman, beaten gray by storm, yet drawing his daily nets: so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meagre massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents; and the gray peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore,—the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labor, and this—for patience and praise."

This passage I take to be one of the most magnificent examples of the "pathetic fallacy" in our language. Perhaps the "pathetic fallacy" is second-rate art; the passage is too long; two hundred eleven words, alas! without one full stop, and more than forty commas and other marks of punctuation—it has *trop* or *choses*—it has redundancies, tautologies, and artifices, if we are strictly severe—but what a picture, what pathos, what subtlety of observation, what nobility of association—and withal how complete is the unity of impression! How mournful, how stately is the cadence, most harmonious and yet peaceful is the phraseology, and how wonderfully do thought, the antique history, the picture, the musical bars of the whole piece combine in beauty. A wonderful bit of word-painting—and, perhaps, word-painting, at least on a big canvas, is not strictly lawful—but such a picture as few poets and no prose-writer has surpassed!



A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE

A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE. SERIES OF 1904, NUMBER 3.

TO build the detached house is a problem which never loses its attractions for architects. However often it may be presented, it is always new, because it permits such infinite variety of treatment. Skilfully handled, the house becomes a part of its surroundings to the point of seeming fitting and necessary to them: the work of man which supplements and completes the work of nature.

With the development of the means of rapid transit, the problem, within a few years, has multiplied its interest almost beyond conception. "There is no more near or far." The man who was once "cabined and confined" in the city, and daily led by that sternest of all jailors, custom, from the brick or brown stone prison of his residence to the granite fortress of his offices, has now taken "the key of the fields." The trolley car has provided him with the means of escape. The word suburban has lost its meaning through the broadening of the idea which it represents. The conception of groups of houses clinging to the skirts of a city, as suppliants for municipal advantages, has passed away, to be replaced by the more progressive scheme of the metropolitan district, which utilizes the centralized activities of the cities for the comfort, convenience and culture of large areas of scattered population.

So, in accordance with the new manner of

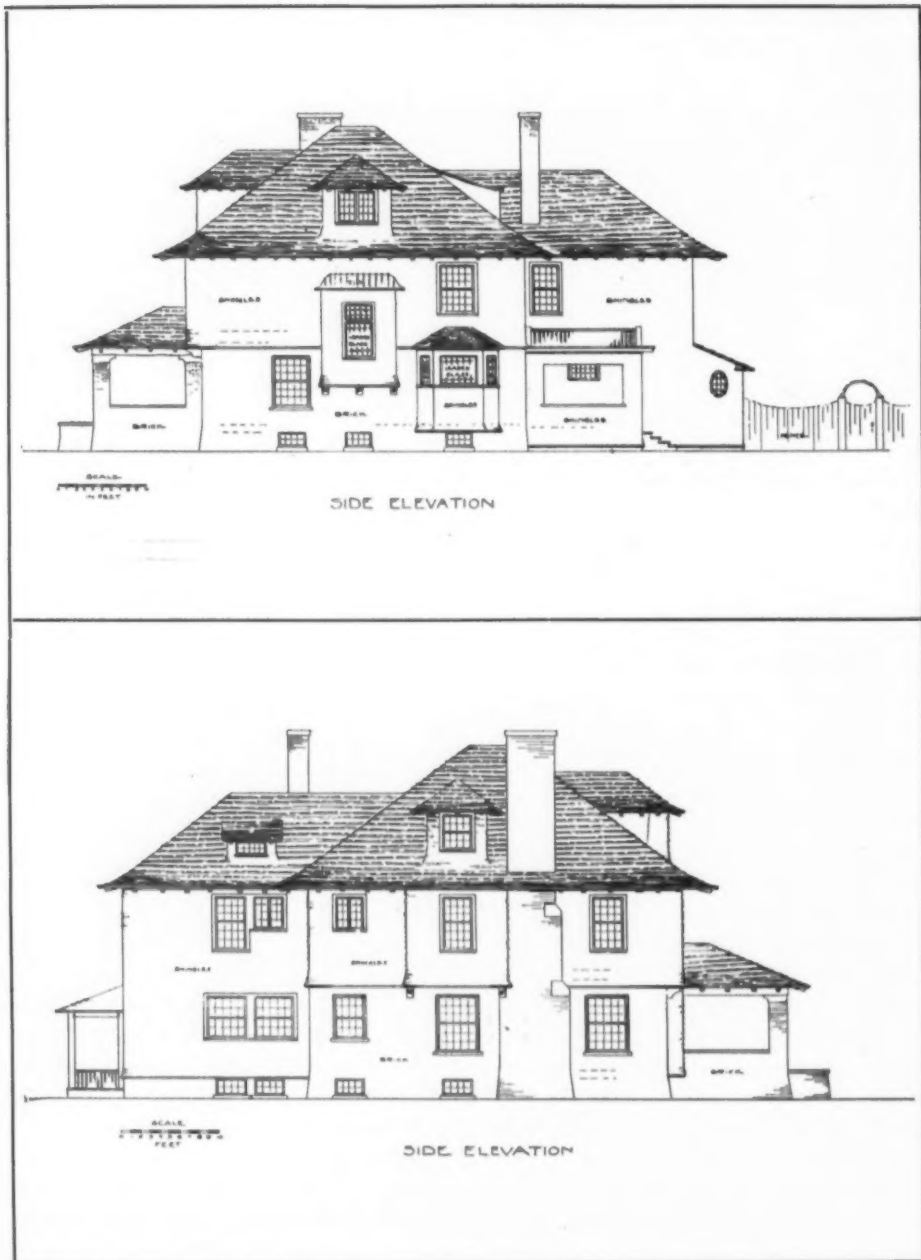
life made possible by scientific and social progress, the suburban house has acquired a wider meaning and a greater importance. The term can now be applied to any detached dwelling, whether situated in the immediate neighborhood of a large city or town, or yet in a village, or at the side of a country road; since these various points, under the new system of centralization, have become equally *suburban*: that is, equally under the protection and patronage of the more or less distant city.



With this understanding of a term, which, but for the offered explanation, might be received in a limited sense, The Craftsman presents the third house of the Series of 1904.

Unlike its two predecessors, the house described and illustrated in the present number is in no wise restricted as to its proper locality. For it will be remembered that certain exterior features of the first dwelling sug-

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gested a region characterized by bright sunlight and deep shadows, like the Pacific slope, and that the second scheme was peculiarly fitted to accent the view offered by the gray weather of the Atlantic coast; while, at the same time, no feature of either design was so pronounced as to detract from the general usefulness and adaptability of the whole.

THE house now presented is to be erected upon a lot of ample size and to face the South or the South-East; having a garden upon its West side to which a flight of steps descends from the living room.

It is to be built up to the second story of common hard-burned bricks, with the use of those which vary from deep red to shades of rich reddish brown; as by this means an interesting play of color is assured for the walls, especially when they stand in full sunshine. The bricks are laid with wide joints of dark brown (almost black) mortar; the joints being slightly raked out to soften the effect.

The rear wing and the entire second story are shingled and stained a deep brown, like that of weathered oak: this color producing with the varied tones of the brickwork a harmony most grateful to the eye. The cornice and the moldings are stained or painted with a similar brown, while the sash complete the refined exterior color-scheme with a note of green, which, by way of contrast, heightens the ruddy effects of the bricks. The walls forming the front barrier of the lot are of the same material and

color as those of the house and are laid in a similar manner. The latter might, as time passes, be covered with some species of light vine, and, in this way, give an added interest to the effect of the whole. Barriers of this kind are to be recommended, not only for the protection which they afford against marauders, both human and animal, but, also, from an artistic point of view; since they serve the purpose of the frame toward the picture: that is, they bind together and unify house and landscape. Indeed, too much emphasis can not be laid upon the surroundings



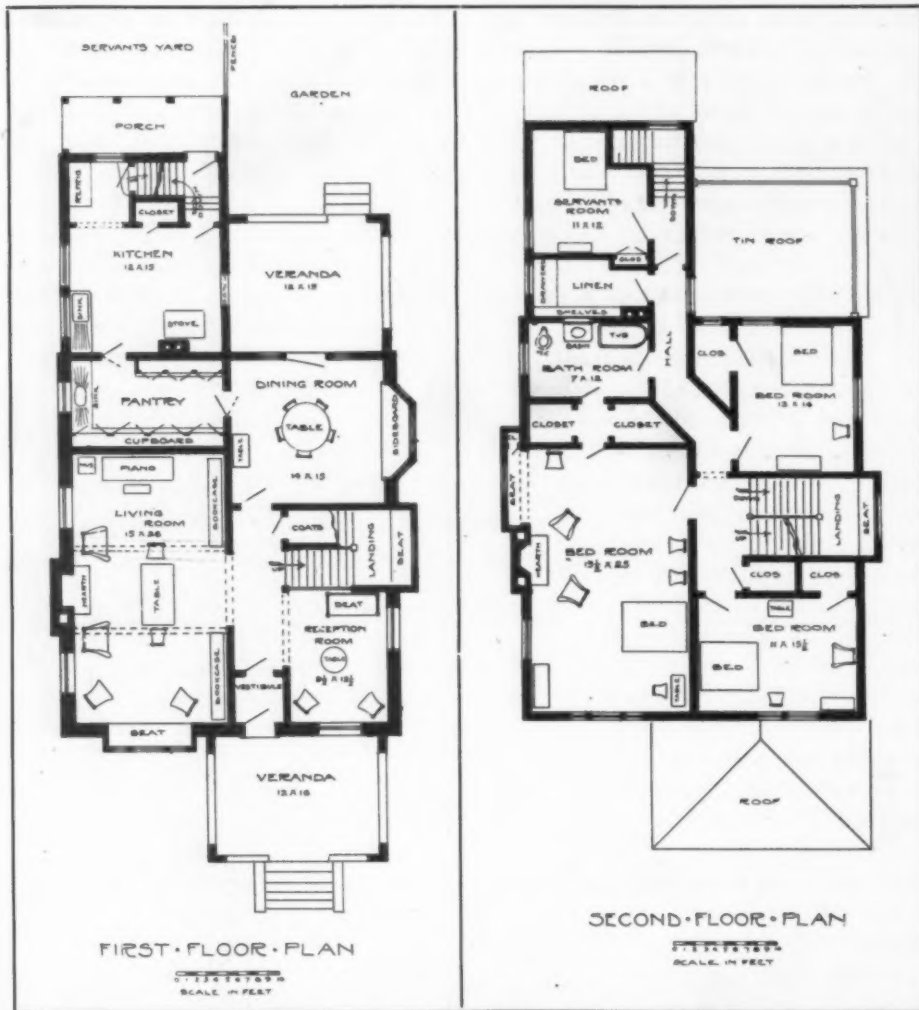
SCALE
IN FEET

REAR ELEVATION

of a dwelling; for all details: the box hedges, the flower-beds, the running vines, the basins with their water jets and their aquatic plants, add so many distinctive marks of ownership and personality.

The interior of the house is treated in simple, direct style. The principal, or living room, ample in size and conveniently ar-

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ranged, is finished, as are also the hall and the dining room, in white oak, which has been fumed to a light, soft brown; the floors being slightly darker than the other portions of the woodwork. In this room, the plaster of the frieze and of the ceiling is left in the gray and rough "under the float;"

thus affording a neutral tone which never becomes fatiguing to the sight.

The hearth and the facing of the mantel are in green Grueby tiles, this color being one of the principal elements of the decorative scheme.

The walls are covered with linen canvas in

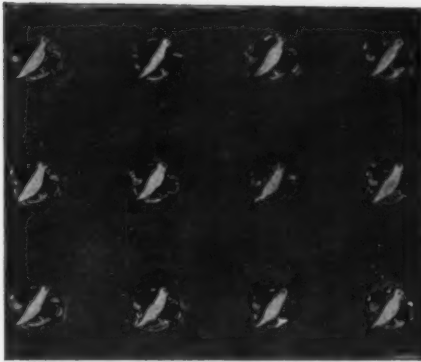


Living Room: Craftsman House, Number Three, Series of 1904



Dining Room: Craftsman House, Number Three, Series of 1904

A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE



Living room: design for wall-covering in stenciling and needlework

Gobelin blue, stenciled with a wheel-and-bird-design, in which the eyes of the birds and the two discs are embroidered in yellow linen floss.

The curtains, hanging in straight folds to the sills, are in green linen with self-colored stripes in a different tone. The rug repeats the green and the blue; the first color serving as a background, with the border and the small figures in different shades of both colors.

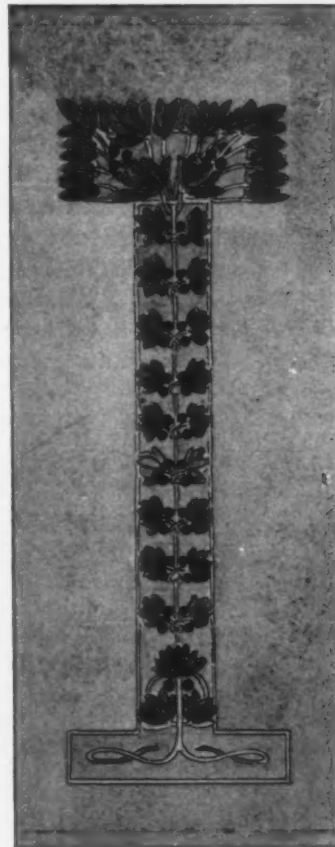
The furniture is of dark gray-brown oak; the window and chair cushions, together with the top of the library table, being of green leather. To the heavier pieces are added a few willow chairs, with frames stained in golden green, and cushions made from the same material as that of the curtains.

In this room the electric lighting fixtures are of wrought iron, with dark copper lanterns and straw-colored glass shades.

The hall is so planned that the stairs and vestibule enclose a space which may be used as a reception room. A staircase window adds interest to this division of the house.

It is glazed in dull, quiet colors harmonizing with the walls, which are here treated in Japanese grass cloth of a gray-green shade. The stair-railing is paneled for the greater part of its height, with the top finished by a simple screen, and the newel post, formed by a plain pillar, serving as a pedestal for a jar of flowers.

The dining room offers the feature of a sideboard built into the wall: a device which



Dining room: design for wall-covering in stenciling and needlework

THE CRAFTSMAN

thus becomes both structural and decorative, and is, therefore, greatly to be recommended. The windows at the rear of this room open upon a commodious porch which, if desired, may be enclosed for a breakfast room. The dining room is not directly connected with the living room, since, in so small a house, the domestic service is accomplished more quietly and privately through the separation in the present plan.

The ceiling of the dining room is covered by a heavy cotton canvas painted in light tan color, and paneled with oaken strips three inches in width and three-quarters of an inch in thickness. The walls are here covered with golden brown linen canvas, which is stenciled with a pleasing design in old blue, a much lighter green, and notes of clean yellow; the latter appearing in the small tufts, which are embroidered in yellow linen floss. The curtains are also in yellow; while the floor rug shows a brown center, with old blue as the second most important color-element, and details in green and yellow.

The arrangements for service are well planned and complete; the pantry being large and so placed that it isolates the remainder of the building from the noise and the odors of the kitchen. In these portions of the house the cases are left without paneling, and the walls are covered with linoleum having metal moldings at the floor-line. The room for the single maid servant is located in the second story.

The principal bedroom of the house is situated over the living room. It is large and bright, and is provided with an attractive fireplace. It has ample closet-space

and a private connection with the bath. It is intended for family use and is most comfortable and homelike. The remaining bedrooms of the second story, although smaller, are yet conveniently appointed, and if still more sleeping rooms be required, two may be located on the third floor; otherwise the entire upper story may be converted into a study or a smoking room.

From this detailed description, it may be seen that the simplicity expressed in the elevation is not falsified by the interior, and that the house may justly lay claim to the title of a home.

It remains but to fix the cost of building, which, varying somewhat with local conditions, should in no case exceed five thousand five hundred dollars, and this sum, which can not be characterized as unreasonable, grows still more alluring through the assurance that the house, if finished as here suggested, will have no need of important repairs for a long period to come.

IN a community regulated only by laws of demand and supply, but protected from open violence, the persons who become rich are, generally speaking, industrious, resolute, proud, covetous, prompt, methodical, sensible, unimaginative, insensitive, and ignorant. The persons who remain poor are the entirely foolish, the entirely wise, the idle, the reckless, the humble, the thoughtful, the dull, the imaginative, the sensitive, the well informed, the improvident, the irregularly and impulsively wicked, the clumsy knave, the open thief, and the entirely merciful, just and godly person.

—*Unto this Last*, John Ruskin

COTTAGES AND CONTENT



A

CONCERNING COTTAGES AND CONTENT: ALICE M. RATHBONE

TOGETHER with the rank growth of luxury in modern life, there flourishes the tonic herb simplicity.

Only the resolve to secure a bit of this spreading root, on the part of natures in full accord with simplicity, would, at first thought, seem necessary to its possession; but it happens, unfortunately for many, that the simple life, in its highest sense, is always just out of reach, because of overmuch simplicity of income.

"To live content with small means" comes first, with much significance, in Channing's beautiful "Symphony;" nevertheless, if peace and comfort are to dwell with us, a restful abiding place is needful; hence, this proposition: the small income, plus an inexpensive cottage, equals content. This is largely a woman's

problem, although there come to mind instances like that of the old sea-captain who drifted happily with his lovely wife into a pretty cottage on his son-in-law's estate. There they rounded out their lives in their own way, with loving grandchildren close at hand to pet and spoil, while yet they were secure in the blessed quiet of their own fireside, when just to be together seemed the best possible of all fates.

It is, however, the middle-aged woman stranded in some forlorn hall-bedroom, or in, yet not of, the home of others, who would most welcome the dignity and content to be given by a home of her own, which might be shared by a relative or close friend in similar need.

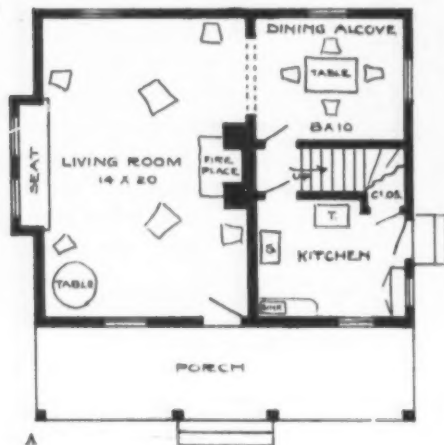
Let us suppose this woman to be well-gifted with culture, domestic tastes and independent spirit; one who, although poorly endowed with this world's goods, can go to



A

THE CRAFTSMAN

her dictionary, and read without dismay the true definition of cottage: knowing that, if it come within her very small means, the



"humble habitation" must be located where land is of low value,—probably in some quiet little village. Here is simplicity to test the soul.

If overburdened with bric-à-brac and fine clothes, the inhabitant of such a cottage would find herself miserably cramped; but the woman lightly laden with what she "knows to be useful or believes to be beautiful," has room for development in the narrowest limits. As regards location, the woman of culture is too resourceful to find village life uninteresting, and the village has need of her powers and personality.

And so, seeing large possibilities in a small income and a cottage,—could one be found to fit the other,—our seeker for a modest roof-tree sets out upon her quest for a house-space as small as can be devised for the comfort of two persons; a house placed, with its little garden plot, amid pleasant surroundings, and obtainable for the very

low rent on which her hope of a brighter life depends.

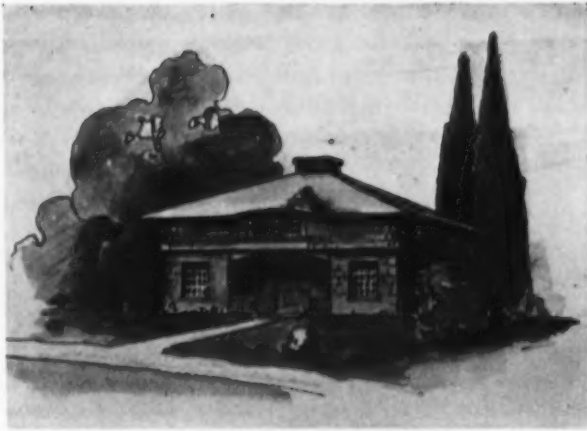
But there are cottages and cottages. If this pilgrim of hope follow the direction of the guide-post pointing cottageward, she may find herself before a Newport palace, and, from that extreme, down the descending scale of habitations, she will rarely come upon the object of her search: namely, the veritable cottage, which because humble, needs not to be wholly commonplace, since simplicity lends itself most kindly to artistic touches everywhere.

An interesting attempt to solve our proposed problem was made, a few years since, in England, by Miss Mary Campbell Smith, who made a business of renting detached or semi-detached cottages of four or five rooms, to gentlewomen of scanty means. Her capital being small, Miss Smith found it best, at first, merely to rent and improve laborers' dwellings. These she furnished simply,



comfortably and prettily, providing always for two tenants. Two friends, says Miss Smith, if capable and domestic, can live

CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES



B

comfortably, on a very small income, in one of these compact little homes, which have proved a distinct success.

This would be a practical and beneficent experiment for the woman of large means to make, in our own country, in behalf of the woman of small means: both women holding to the cottage in its true sense; the one for the safety of her investment, the other for the safety of her peace of mind, to be assured by living within a fixed income, however small it might be.

More and more do we see two women of comfortable means joining forces to make one more pleasant home in the world, and if, by means of the cottage - of - the - low - rental, modest incomes could do the same, why, so much the better for the world!

An advantage of limited house space is that cares lessen; leaving hours of leisure for out-of-door life in sum-

mer, and for all the indoor pleasures of winter. Thus for women loving home, books and gardens, a life approaching the ideal might be led in a cottage, the home of content, which "is our best having."

The spirit may open wings as wide as the firmament, in a cell as narrow as the human hand.

—Alfred de Musset

CERTAIN CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES

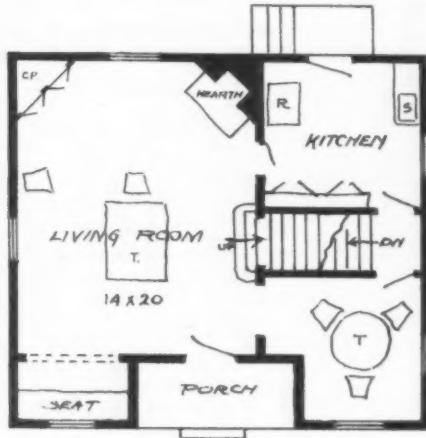
IN conformity with numerous requests which have been recently received, The Craftsman presents a series of illustrations and plans of small cottages designed to afford a safe investment and a comfortable home to one or two persons of narrow means. The purposes governing the work have been to employ solid, econom-



B

THE CRAFTSMAN

ical materials, and to produce therefrom that beauty which is the companion, rather than,



B FIRST FLOOR PLAN

as is too often believed, the opponent of simplicity.

Although primarily intended as dwellings for two single women, these cottages might equally well serve as the first home of married couples who begin their life in common upon an annual income not exceeding five hundred dollars.

The building costs of any one of these houses would, it is believed, fall below nine hundred dollars; thus making the costs of ownership—that is, those involved in the interest upon the investment, the insurance, and the taxes—such as might easily be borne by persons having the above-mentioned yearly resources.

It is hoped that the designs will speak for themselves, by creating in those who shall see them the desire of ownership; verbal explanations being necessary alone to recommend the use of certain materials.

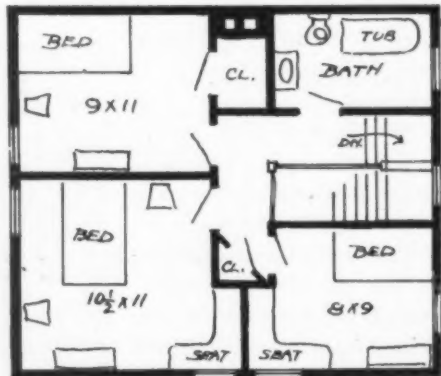
In all the elevations shown, the exterior

walls are faced with California red wood shingles, which have been dipped in oil and thus given a deep, rich brown tone. The roofs also are shingled, the wood here being left without stain.

The interior finish in all the cottages is of whitewood, which is made to assume a soft, dull, satin finish by the application of lacquer. It may be added that, in order to assure an effect suited to the size of the houses, as well as to minimize expense, all woodwork is made as light as possible. The floors are of hard pine, stained to accord with the color-scheme; the cost of the superior wood and the treatment being less than that of a cheaper floor for which a carpet would be necessary.

The walls and ceilings are of plain plaster, tinted in water colors, or preferably painted, and the fire-places are built with ordinary, hard-burned brick.

The construction must receive especial attention, so that the joints be weather-tight; since all the rooms have exposure on



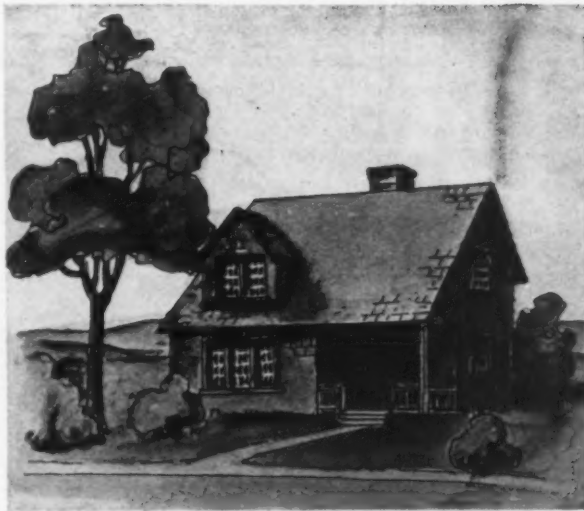
B SECOND FLOOR PLAN

two sides, at least, and, in consequence, are colder than those of a larger building, in

CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES

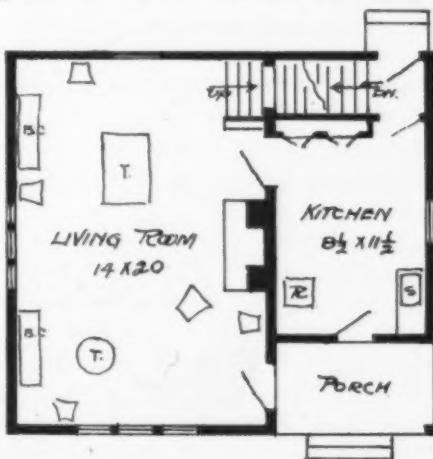
which one room serves to protect another. This precaution taken, a further economy of heat may be insured by limiting the ceilings to the height of seven and one-half feet.

The plan and the choice of building materials being thus adopted, personal requirements may yet be amply maintained, and each home acquire a distinct, individual appearance: becoming, in all that concerns construction and use of color the equal of a house of ten times its monetary value. ^C



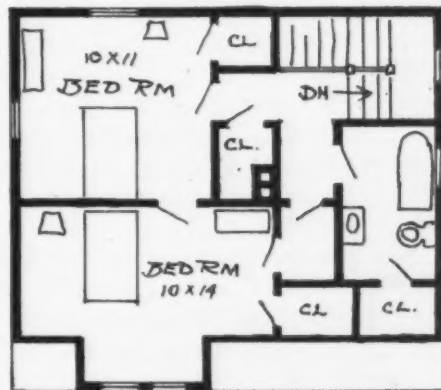
If the interiors here presented be examined, it will be seen that certain constructive features, while serving their original purpose, also furnish and decorate. This is

ed accent to the otherwise too dominant brown of the woodwork. The fireplaces thus treated, form in two ways the focus of the rooms in which they are situated: firstly, by offering warmth, light and companion-



^C FIRST FLOOR PLAN

true of the chimney pieces, with their brick of varied, ruddy color, which gives the need-



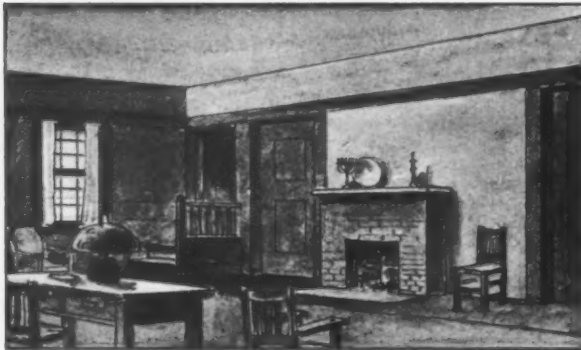
^C SECOND FLOOR PLAN

ship, and secondly, by providing aesthetic gratification to the eye, through their build-

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ing material, and also through the means which they provide for the display of objects of glass, burnished metal, or other brilliant surface chording with the glow of fire.

To emphasize a previous expression, it may be said that these important features of construction, as well as the thoughtful arrangement of the windows, doors and stair-rails, both furnish and decorate; thus



leaving a much less than usual need of movable pieces. Of these latter, the greater number can be made by the local joiner, or even by an amateur, especially if use be made of the working drawings which illustrate the first two articles of the Manual Training Series, now current in The Craftsman.

Seen when owned by persons of taste and domestic sentiment, when enlivened by growing plants and that agreeable scattering of small objects which is the evidence of occupancy, these "humble habitations" grow eloquent upon the text of "Cottages and Contentment."

RUSKIN'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

TO-DAY the last survivor of the great writers in the first half of the Victorian reign attains the patriarchal age of fourscore years. John Ruskin keeps his eightieth birthday. It is sixty years since he published his first piece—the prize poem of 1839—a student's exercise, it is true, but one that was soon followed by the first decisive work of the "Oxford graduate." For fifty years—from the early "Newdigate" down to the last memoir in *Praeterita*—a torrent of thought, fancy, and exhortation continued to pour forth from the fiery spirit endowed with the eye of the hawk. And now for ten years the old man eloquent has kept silent even from good words, resting in profound

calm amongst those he loves, softly meditating on the exquisite things of nature and of art that surround him; his manifold work ended, his long life crowned and awaiting its final consecration; at peace with God and man. . . .

A great French writer, whose book is entitled *Ruskin and the Religion of Beauty*, tells us that Ruskin discusses morality, industry and religion in order to lead us up to a higher sense of art. It would be more true to say that John Ruskin began by preaching to us a higher sense of art, in order to lead us to a truer understanding of morality, industry, religion and humanity.

—Frederic Harrison in *London Daily Chronicle*, February 8, 1899.

INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST

THE INDIANS OF THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONS: NUMBER THREE OF THE SERIES, THE SPANISH MISSIONS OF THE SOUTHWEST. BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

WHO were the Indians for whom the Missions were established? What was their life? How did they receive the Mission Fathers? What was the effect of the Missions upon them? What is their condition to-day?

These are the questions this chapter will seek to answer.

Cabrillo was the first white man whom we know visited the Indians of the coast of California. He made his memorable journey in 1542-3. In 1539, Ulloa sailed up the Gulf of California, and, a year later, Alarcon and Diaz explored the Colorado River, possibly to the point where Yuma now stands. These three men came in contact with the Cocopahs and the Yumas, and possibly with other tribes.

Cabrillo tells of the Indians with whom he held communication. They were timid, and somewhat hostile at first, but easily appeased. Some of them, especially those living on the Islands (now known as San Clemente, Santa Catalina, Anacapa, Santa Barbara, Santa Rosa, San Miguel and Santa Cruz), were superior to those found inland. They rowed in pine canoes having a seating capacity of twelve or thirteen men, and were expert fishermen. They dressed in the skins of animals, were rude agriculturists, and built for themselves shelters or huts of willows, tules and mud.

Vizcaino, who "rediscovered" the country in 1602, wrote a letter to the King of Spain,

dated May 23, 1603, in which he thus speaks of the Indians: "This land has a genial climate, its waters are good, and it is very fertile, to judge from the varied and luxuriant growth of trees and plants; for I saw some of the fruits, particularly chestnuts and acorns, which are larger than those of Spain. And it is thickly settled with people whom I found to be of gentle disposition, peaceable and docile, and who can be brought readily within the fold of the Holy Gospel and into subjection to the crown of Your Majesty. Their food consists of seeds, which they have in abundance and variety, and of the flesh of game: such as bears, bisons and deer, which are larger than cows, and of neat cattle, and many other animals. The Indians are of good stature and fair complexion, the women being somewhat smaller in size than the men, and of pleasing countenance. The clothing of the people of the coast-lands consists of the skins of the sea-wolves abounding there, which they tan and dress better than is done in Castile; they possess, also, in great quantity, flax like that of Castile, hemp and cotton, from which they make fishing-lines and nets for rabbits and hares. They have vessels of pine wood very well made, which, having fourteen paddlemen at a side, they navigate with great dexterity, even in very stormy weather. I was informed by them and many others whom I met in great numbers along more than eight hundred leagues of a thickly settled coast, that inland there are great communities, which they invited me to visit with them."

Spain's treatment of the Indians, as none can deny, was kind, considerate, and intended to be beneficial. For instance, when Vizcaino made his first voyage up the Gulf

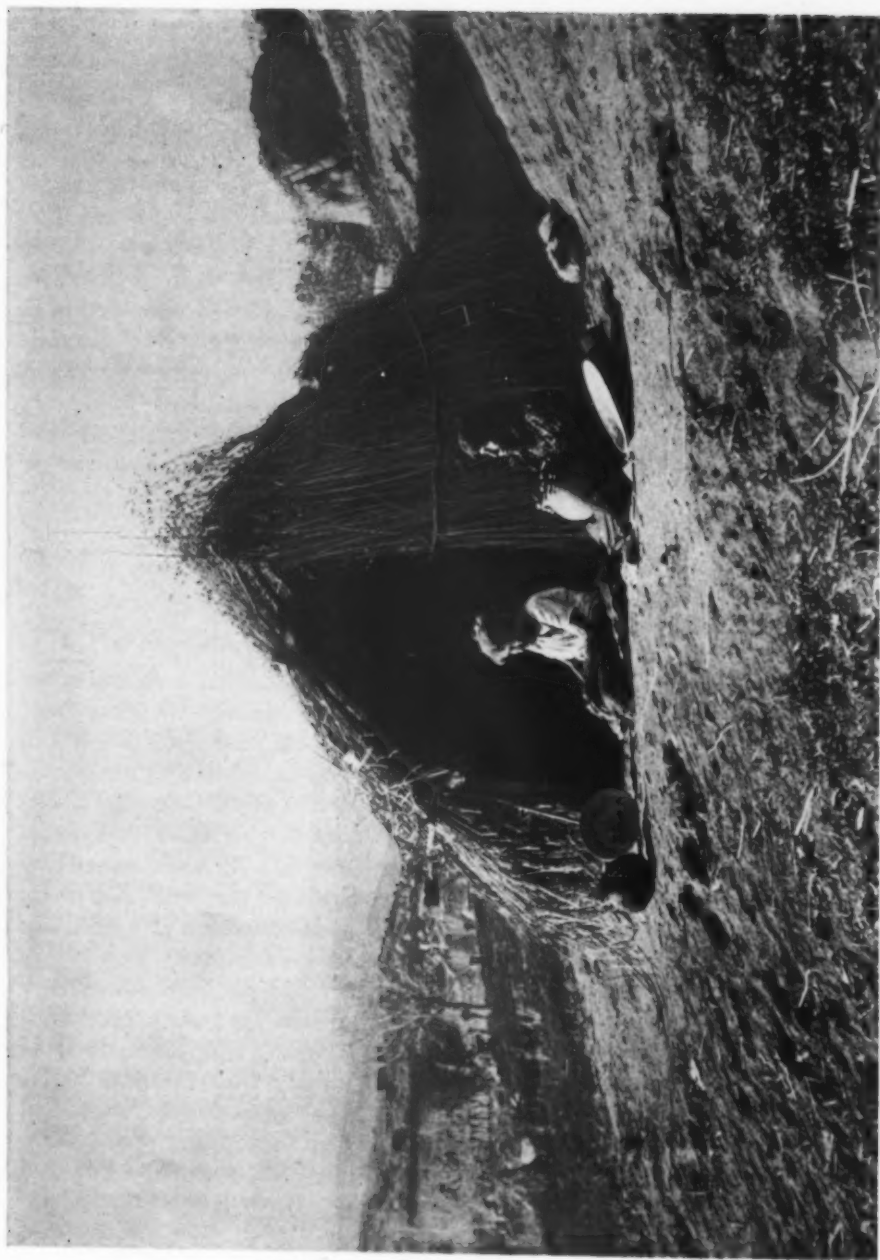


Figure 1. Cahuilla *Kish* (house), similar to the dwellings found in California by the Spanish Mission Fathers

INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST

of California in 1596, one of his soldiers "inconsiderately struck one of the Indians in the breast with the butt of his arquebus." This, naturally, angered the Indians, who began to shoot arrows at the offender and his party. In order to defend his followers, without injury to the Indians, Vizcaino called upon his soldiers to fire their weapons in the air; hoping the loud reports would

many of them," while the rest ran away to the mountains.

In authorizing this explorer's second expedition, the King's Council, among many other good things, ordered that Vizcaino "be reproved for the lack of prudence shown on his last voyage, particularly in having killed the Indians, as he relates in his report, and in having allowed the soldier who struck the



Figure II. Hawa or home of the Havasupai Indians of Cataract Canyon

alarm the aborigines and prevent further assault. Instead of having this effect, the noise scared them for a few minutes; and then, seeing no injury come to them, they fired their arrows again: this time, says Vizcaino, "with great earnestness." The fight was now begun, the soldiers fired to wound and kill, and "there fell I know not how

Indian with the butt of his arquebus to go unpunished; *that he treat the Indians with great love and tenderness, making gifts to them in order to attract them in good will to the Holy Gospel, not permitting injury to be done to them,*" etc., etc. The italics are mine, as this is the official authorization for Vizcaino's journey of discovery, and it is



Figure III. Ho-dutch and his wife, at the entrance of their *Kaa*

INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST

well to recognize the humane spirit toward the Indians (at least it was such ostensibly) in which the King sent out his explorers.

Little came of either of these early voyages except to establish clearly in the minds of the Spaniards and others the existence of California. For soon afterward Sir Francis Drake sailed up the coast, and landed in what is now known as Drake's Bay. But practically nothing further was done until the founding of the Missions.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, it is true that the Indians met the Fathers with kindness and hospitality. Naturally, they were curious to know what the newcomers desired. They were found living in a most simple and primitive fashion, and in describing them and their habits, the narrator fell into the same error made by writers of to-day who are unfamiliar with the methods of thought of the Indian. Everything depends upon the angle of vision. To see from another's point of view is given the few only. For example, a recent writer, in speaking of the costume of the aborigines says: "The male inhabitants went entirely naked, when the weather was warm, and even on the coldest days of the year, the only garment likely to be worn was a cloak of badly-tanned rabbit skins. The women were partially covered, and were not without some sense of modesty." The thought of this writer is apparent. The nude state of the men was, by him, regarded as censurable and the partial clothing of the women as modesty. Had he suggested such an idea to the Indians themselves, they would have declared it ridiculous. Modesty to them does not consist in the wearing or the laying aside of clothes.

The principal written source of authority

for our knowledge of the Indians at the time of the arrival of the Fathers is Fray Geronimo Boscana's "Chinigchinich: A Historical Account, etc., of the Indians of San Juan Capistrano." The good Father saw things from his individual point of view, and thus presented them. The houses of the natives were rude brush shelters, generally conical or semi-globular, similar to



Figure IV. A Palatingwa man, with beard and moustache

Fig. I. (which was built and was occupied in 1899 by a very aged woman in Cahuilla). The Indian name for this hut of poles and tules is *kish*. Often these structures were covered with earth (just as they are to-day), as a protection against the cold of winter.

In Arizona and New Mexico, the houses were constructed in an entirely different way, as will be seen from Figures II. and III. Figure II. presents a Havasupai

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summer residence, which, except for a few modern indications, might well represent a dwelling in the same locality, built two hundred years ago. The rude structure is practically open, although, at one end, a covered-in conical portion, somewhat similar to Figure I., is added. The "stairway," or ladder, made by notching a cotton-wood pole, reveals the primitive quality of the



Figure V. Old man of the Palatingwa tribe.

Indian contrivances and the slight influence of white men's methods during all these years of intercourse.

Figure III. is of a Pima dwelling, and is so well constructed as to be almost light-proof, when the doorway is closed.

It must not be assumed that these few illustrations represent all the types of dwellings which were in use among the California Indians when the priests first came among

them. A long and elaborate chapter with many illustrations might be written upon this subject; but the three pictures here given suggest a diversity of type and will serve to correct the popular belief that all Indian huts are alike.

It has often been said that the men could not grow beards. The truth is that they plucked out the hairs one by one, using a bivalve shell as pincers. To-day, many of the men allow the beard to grow. Of this class is the Palatingwa, represented in Figure IV. Figure V. shows an elderly man of the same people with a thinner beard, the condition of which is doubtless owing, as the Indians believe, to the long-continued practice of plucking out the hairs.

Men and women alike used various colored pigments on their faces. Red, yellow and blue were the principal colors chosen, and to-day, at their festivals, one may see these Indians decorated in exactly the same fashion that their ancestors have followed for centuries.

Their food was of the crudest and simplest character. Whatever they could catch they ate, from deer or bear to grasshoppers, lizards, rats and snakes. In baskets of their own manufacture, they gathered all kinds of wild seeds, and after using a rude process of threshing, they winnowed them, as shown in Figure VI. They also gathered mesquite beans in large quantities; burning them in pits for a month or two, in order to extract from them certain disagreeable flavors, and then storing them in large and rudely made willow granaries.

Seeds, mesquite beans and dried meat were all pounded up in a well made granite mortar, on the top of which, oftentimes, a

INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST

basket hopper was fixed by means of pine gum, as represented in Figure VII. Some of these mortars were hewn from steatite, or soapstone, others from a rough basic rock, and many of them were exceedingly well made and finely shaped; results requiring much patience and no small artistic skill. Oftentimes these mortars were made from the solid granite rocks or boulders, found near the harvesting and winnow-

Indian hid himself, after having prepared a bare spot outside his shelter, and upon which he sprinkled a liberal supply of seeds. In his hand he held a long pole, at the upper end of which was affixed a strong but small string; the other end being threaded through loops affixed to the pole. The pole was then thrust out among the seeds, the string being formed into a loop. Then, imitating the call of the birds, it was not



Figure VI. Indian women winnowing wild seeds

ing places, and I have photographed many such during late years.

Birds were caught in a most ingenious manner. One method is crudely suggested in Figure VIII., a picture of an abandoned decoy shelter which I found above the Tule River reservation, a few years ago. With semi-circular arches of willow, a hiding-place was made, the hoops being covered with leafy brush or weeds. In this the

long before doves, quail or other game were attracted to the place, and, seeing the seeds, alighted. In their hopping to and fro, some of them invariably stepped into the noose. Quickly, the watching Indian pulled the string tight, and, as quietly as possible, drew back the snared bird into his shelter. Wringing its neck, the Indian thrust forth the pole, and again continued the operation, until sufficient game was secured. In a later

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article, I may speak of other methods of trapping birds and animals for food.

At times there were special foods for men and special foods for women. For instance, a hunter ate the legs of a rabbit or a deer, with the idea that thereby he would gain the speed displayed by these animals. He ate

decoction of the root of milk-weed, in order to promote lacteal secretions.

The religion of these tribes was very simple. It was a rude kind of Nature worship with personified divinities; some of whom were undoubted human heroes possessing mythical histories. In the *Journal of*

American Folk-Lore for October 1903, I have related the story of one of these demi-gods, Algoot by name, who slew a cannibal monster, Tanguitch, and who still terrorizes the superstitious Indians of the region about Mount San Jacinto.

Their ceremonies consisted of smoking the propitiatory pipe—the ascending smoke typifying the ascent of their prayers to Those Above—dancing, praying and singing. Dancing always attracted the attention of the gods, and, having their interest thus aroused, they could not fail to pay heed to the petitions presented to them.

As a specimen of the beliefs of the old aborigines here is part of a story once told to me by an aged Saboba Indian, pictured in Figure IX. After describing the coming of his



Figure VII. A mortar with basket hopper

the heart of the mountain lion, that he might be as fearless as the wild beast itself. In eating snakes, the Indian desired and expected the gliding and noiseless quality of the reptile to become a part of himself. Women refused to eat salt lest it turn their hair gray; and a nursing mother took a

people to Southern California, from some far-away land over the sea, and the varied adventures of these heroes, he continued:

"But when Siwash, the god of earth, looked around and saw everything revealed by the sun, he was displeased; for the earth was bare, level and monotonous, and there was nothing

INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST

to cheer the sight. Who could love a world that was all one limitless plain, with no mountains, no trees, hills, rocks, rivers, waterfalls, creeks, animals, reptiles, no birds, nor flowers? There were many of our people that were of no use. So Siwash took these, and of some he made high mountains, of some, smaller mountains; of others he made rivers, creeks, lakes and waterfalls; of still others coyotes, foxes, deer, antelope, bear, squirrels, porcupines, and all the other animals. Then he made out of other people all the different kinds of snakes, insects, birds, and fishes. Then, he wanted trees, plants and flowers, and so he turned some of the people into these. Of every man or woman that he seized, he made something according to the person's value.

"When he finished his work, he had made a beautiful country of this, and there were many things that my people had never seen before. But he had used up so many men and women that he was frightened. So he made a new lot of people, some to live here, there, and anywhere. And he gave to each family its own language and tongue, and its own place to live, and he told them all the sad distress that would come upon them if they mingled their tongues by intermarriage. Each family was to live in its own place, and while all the different families were to be friends, one to the other, and live as brothers bound together by kinship and concord, there was to be no mixing of bloods.

"Thus was settled the original inhabitants on the coast of Southern California by Siwash, the god of the earth, under the leadership of Uuyot."

In hunting, fishing, preparing their weapons for war and hunting, playing games of skill, chance, strength and dexterity, occasionally visiting other tribes, sometimes stealing a bride and causing war, at other times engaging in a quarrel and being slain, the male Indians passed their lives, until the



Figure VIII. Abandoned bird-snare, above the Tule River

advent of the priests. The women were the home makers, the food producers and preparers, the makers of baskets, etc.

These Indians were polygamists, as a matter of course, but much of what the missionaries and others have called their obscenities and vile conversations, were the simple and unconscious utterances of men and women whose instincts were not perverted. It is the invariable testimony of all careful observers of every class that as a rule the

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aborigines were healthy, vigorous, virile, and chaste, until they became demoralized by the whites. With many of them certain ceremonies had a distinct flavor of sex worship: a rude phallicism which exists to the present day. To the priests, as to most modern observers, these rites were offensive and obscene, but to the Indians they were only the natural and simple prayers for the



Figuro IX. José Pedro Lucero, a rhapsode of the Saboba Indians

fruitfulness of their wives and of the other producing forces.

Most of these tribes had a distinct conception of a spirit life, but no idea of future rewards and punishments. Their medicine-men were strange mixtures of herbalists, hydropathists, masseurs, faith-curists, charlatans and hypnotists. A successful *shaman* united all characters in one. Figure X. is of a Cahuilla medicine-man or Tingai-vash. If the medicine-man failed often to

restore the invalid to health, or his patients died with too great frequency, he was remorselessly sent upon the same long journey by a blow of a battle-axe, a fierce stab of a dagger, or a carefully conducted ceremony of stoning to death.

J. S. Hittell says of the Indians of California: "They had no religion, no conception of a deity, or of a future life, no idols, no form of worship, no priests, no philosophical conceptions, no historical traditions, no proverbs, no mode of recording thought before the coming of the missionaries among them." Seldom has there been so much absolute misstatement as in this quotation. Jeremiah Curtin, speaking of the same Indians, makes a remark which applies with force to these first three statements: "The Indian, at every step, stood face to face with divinity as he knew or understood it. He could never escape from the presence of those powers who had made the first world. . . . The most important question of all in Indian life was communication with divinity, intercourse with the spirits of divine personages." In his "Creation Myths of Primitive America," this studious author gives the names of a number of divinities, and the legends connected with them. He affirms positively that "the most striking thing in all savage belief is the low estimate put upon man, when unaided by divine, uncreated power. In Indian belief every object in the universe is divine except man!"

As to their having no priests, no forms of worship, no philosophical conceptions, no historical traditions, no proverbs, any one interested in the Indian of to-day knows that these things are untrue. Whence came all the myths and legends that recent writers

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have gathered, a score of which I myself hold still unpublished in my note book? Were they all imagined after the arrival of the Mission Fathers? By no means! They have been handed down for countless centuries, and they come to us, perhaps a little corrupted, but still just as accurate as do the Songs of Homer.

Every tribe had its medicine-men, who were developed by a most rigorous series of tests; such as would dismay many a white man. As to their philosophical conceptions and traditions, Curtin well says that in them "we have a monument of thought which is absolutely unequaled, altogether unique in human experience. The special value of this thought lies, moreover, in the fact that it is primitive; that it is the thought of ages long anterior to those which we find recorded in the eastern hemisphere, either in sacred books, in histories, or in literature, whether preserved on baked brick, burnt cylinders or papyrus."

And if we go to the Pueblo Indians, the Navahoes, the Pimas and others, all of whom were brought more or less under the influence of the Franciscans, we find a mass of beliefs, deities, traditions, conceptions and proverbs, which would overpower Mr. Hittell merely to collate.

Therefore, let it be distinctly understood that the Indian was not the thoughtless, unimaginative, irreligious, brutal savage which he is too often represented to be. He thought, and thought well, but still originally he was religious, profoundly and powerfully so, but in his own way; he was a philosopher, but not according to Hittell; he was a worshiper, but not after the method of Serra, Palon, and their priestly coadjutors.

And now come the priests to change all

this primitive life. By power now and again exercised with judicious care, but mainly by astute persuasion, Serra led the Indians of the Southwest into the fold of the Church. As I have said elsewhere, he obeyed the best and highest of motives. He was impelled by the assurance that the barbarians were forever damned, unless some one should save their souls through the media-



Figure X. Torribio Apapos, Tingaivash, or medicine-man of the Cabuillas, Southern California

tion of the Church. Hence the earnestness of his labors.

What must the Indians have thought, when, on the sixteenth of July, 1769, Serra, robed in his full canonicals, with all the pomp, ceremony and solemnity suited to a great occasion, celebrated the mass on the beach before a cross set up in a rude shack made of branches and tules? How did the singing of the *Veni Creator* by the Fathers and the Spanish soldiers affect them? And

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when they heard the roar of the fire-arms which were discharged to supply the place of the organ, how their savage hearts must have quivered!

For fifteen years the indefatigable Serra labored, aided by his associates. He saw with his own eyes the establishment of the Missions of San Diego, San Carlos Borromeo, San Antonio de Padua, San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, San Francisco de Asis,

In the years 1803-1807, G. H. von Langsdorff, Aulic Councillor to the Emperor of Russia, journeyed around the world with Capt. Krusenstern, the first Russian circumnavigator. He visited the San Francisco and Santa Clara Missions in March, 1806, and says: "The monks conduct themselves in general with so much prudence, kindness, and paternal care toward their converts, that peace, happiness



Figure XI. The Indian Mission graveyard on the Tule River Reservation

San Juan Capistrano, Santa Clara and San Buenaventura. At the end of sixty years, more than thirty thousand Indian converts lodged in the Mission buildings, under the direct and immediate guidance of the Fathers; performed their allotted daily labors with cheerfulness and thoroughness. There were some exceptions, necessarily, but, in the main, the domination of the missionaries was complete.

and obedience universally prevail among them. . . There are seldom more than from three to five soldiers, at a time, at any Mission, but this small number always has been found sufficient to keep the Indians under proper restraint."

Occasionally the priests went out in search of converts; over their breasts and shoulders then they wore a short leathern mantle made of deer skin. This was to

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protect them against the arrows of hostile Indians, for "by a royal command, the ecclesiastics must not carry about them any other weapons than the Bible and the Cross."

Of the girls and widows, the same traveler says: "They live in separate houses, and are kept at work under lock and key; they are only sometimes permitted, by their superiors, to go out during the day, but never at

Many interesting quotations might be made from this disinterested observer, all of which speak well for the fatherly care of the priests.

It has been said that this policy was a mistaken one: that had the Indian been educated to citizenship, instead of being treated as a child, he would not so speedily have succumbed to the vices of civilization,



Figure XII. The village of Palatingwa, Warner's Ranch, San Diego, California, from which the Indians were recently evicted

night. As soon, however, as a girl is married, she is free, and lives with her husband in one of the villages of the Indians, called *rancherias*, which belong to the Mission. By such institutions, the ecclesiastics hope to bind their converts more closely to the establishment and to spread their religion more securely and extensively. . . . The number of converted Indians at this Mission is about twelve hundred."

when the restraining influences were removed. I think this criticism is a just one. The kindness was a mistaken one. Greater freedom would have given greater responsibility, especially under the wise teaching of the Fathers. But it is often easier to see afterward than at the time. My contention is, that even the mistaken, kindly policy of the Fathers was immeasurably better than the "free and civilizing" *laissez faire*

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policy of the United States government.

In 1833, the Mexican government issued its order of secularization. The Pious Fund, which then amounted to upwards of a half million dollars, was confiscated—they called it “borrowed”—for the purpose of effecting the provisions of this law. This practically left the Indians to their own resources. A certain amount of land and stock were to be given to each head of a family, and tools were to be provided. Owing to the long distance between California and the City of Mexico, there was much confusion as to how the changes should be brought about. There have been many charges made, alleging that the Fathers wilfully allowed the Mission property to go to ruin, when they were deprived of its control. This ruin would better be attributed to the general demoralization of the times, than to any definite policy. For it must be remembered that the political conditions of Mexico, at that time, were most unsettled. None knew what a day or an hour might bring forth. All was confusion, uncertainty, irresponsibility. And in the *mêlée* Mission property and Mission Indians suffered.

From that day to this the Indians have been rapidly succumbing to the inevitable. July 7, 1846, saw the Mexican flag in California hauled down, and the Stars and Stripes raised in its place; but as far as the Indian was concerned, the change was for the worse instead of the better. Indeed, it may truthfully be said that the policies of the three governments, Spanish, Mexican and American, have shown three distinct phases, and that the last is by far the worst.

Our treatment of these Indians reads like a hideous nightmare. Absolutely no forceful and effective protest seems to have been

made against the indescribable wrongs perpetrated. The gold discoveries of 1849 brought into the country a class of adventurers, gamblers, liquor sellers and camp followers of the vilest description. The Indians became helpless victims in the hands of these infamous wretches, and even the authorities aided to make these Indians “good.”

An eye witness, writing of events in the early fifties, thus recounts the Los Angeles method of *Christianizing* the Mission Indians:

“These thousands of Indians had been held in the most rigid discipline by the Mission Fathers, and after their emancipation by the Supreme Government of Mexico, had been reasonably well governed by the local authorities, who found in them indispensable auxiliaries as farmers and harvesters, hewers of wood and drawers of water, and beside the best horse-breakers and herders in the world, necessary to the management of the great herds of the country. These Indians were Christians, docile even to servility, and excellent laborers. Then came the Americans, followed soon after by the discovery of, and the wild rush for, gold, and the relaxation for the time being of a healthy administration of the laws. The ruin of this once happy and useful people commenced. The cultivators of vineyards began to pay their Indian *peons* with *aguardiente*, a real “firewater.” The consequence was that on receiving their wages on Saturday evening, the laborers habitually met in great gatherings and passed the night in gambling, drunkenness and debauchery. On Sunday the streets were crowded from morning until night with Indians,—males and females of all ages, from the girl of ten or

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twelve, to the old man and woman of seventy or eighty.

"By four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, Los Angeles street, from Commercial to Nigger Alley, Aliso street from Los Angeles to Alameda, and Nigger Alley, were crowded with a mass of drunken Indians, yelling and fighting: men and women, boys and girls

The following morning they would be exposed for sale, as slaves for the week. Los Angeles had its slave-mart, as well as New Orleans and Constantinople,—only the slaves at Los Angeles were sold fifty-two times a year, as long as they lived, a period which did not generally exceed one, two, or three years under the new dispensation.



Figure XIII. Hot Springs on Warner's Ranch; San Diego, California

using tooth and nail, and frequently knives, but always in a manner to strike the spectator with horror.

"At sun-down, the pompous marshal, with his Indian special deputies, who had been confined in jail all day to keep them sober, would drive and drag the combatants to a great corral in the rear of the Downey Block, where they slept away their intoxication.

They were sold for a week, and bought up by vineyard men and others at prices ranging from one to three dollars, one-third of which was to be paid to the *peon* at the end of the week, which debt, due for well-performed labor, was invariably paid in *aguardiente*, and the Indian made happy, until the following Monday morning, he having passed through another Saturday night

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and Sunday's saturnalia of debauchery and bestiality. Those thousands of honest, useful people were absolutely destroyed in this way."

In reference to these statements of the sale of the Indians as slaves, it should be noted that the act was done under the cover of the law. The Indian was "fined" in a certain sum for his drunkenness, and was then turned over to the tender mercies of

Washington, there seems to have been little or no attempt at effective protection of the Indians against the land and other thefts of the whites. The facts are succinctly and powerfully stated by Helen Hunt Jackson in her report to the Government, and in her "Glimpses of California and the Missions." The indictment of churches, citizens, the charges against the Government, for its crime of supineness in allowing its acknowledged wards to be seduced, cheated, and corrupted, should be read by every honest American; even though it make his blood seethe with indignation and his nerves quiver with shame.

Last year, Anno Domini, 1903, the Indians of Warner's Ranch, by a decree of the United States Supreme Court, affirming the decisions of the highest State courts, were evicted from the homes which they had occupied from time immemorial, and which had been pledged to them and their successors by General Kearney and others in authority, on behalf of the United States government. Figure XII. is a general view of the village of *Palatingwa* (Spanish: *Agua Caliente*, English: *Hot Water*), and Figure XIII. shows the springs themselves, which the Indians so much loved, and the white men so much coveted.

Figure XIV. is of Leonardo Owlinguwush, who was present when General Kearney made his pledge that if the Indians would be friendly to the United States Government, they should never be removed from their homes, although white men became as numerous as the quail on the hillsides.

At this time, the Indian Department, under W. A. Jones, the present commissioner, made the first honest and practical attempt to come to the rescue of its wards. A hun-



Figure XIV. Leonardo Owlinguwush, Palatingwa scout for General Kearney

the employer who paid the fine. Thus "justice" was perverted to the vile ends of the conscienceless scoundrels who posed as "officers of the law."

To-day, the total Indian population of Southern California is reported by the agent as two thousand eight hundred fifty-five. It is not increasing, and it is good for the race that it is not. Until the present incumbency of the Indian Commissionership in

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dred thousand dollars was appropriated to find them a new home, but much of the money has been worse than wasted by the incompetency of self-constituted, expert advisers and minor official stupidity and incapacity. Later, I shall write upon this subject at length, and with full knowledge. Let it suffice to say that to-day, these Indians are upon land where they cannot make even a scant living, unless large sums of money shall be expended in an irrigation-scheme to convey water to lands not over good at best; they are "converted" from a self-sustaining, brave and independent people to so many paupers looking to the government for rations; they regard every white man as a liar; the man who has especially posed as their friend they view with a hatred approaching a murderous sentiment, and, were they as warlike and strong numerically as the Sioux, the War Department would be confronted with another Indian war.

In other villages and tribes the same demoralization is apparent.

A short time ago, I had a long, confidential interview with Marcos, once a chief of the Indian village at Palm Springs. Among other things, we discussed the morality of the women of his people. With a dejection in which there seemed to be no hope, the poor fellow stated that the burden of life was so hard for his people that he had long ceased to regard with anger the immorality of the women, young or old, married or single. "So long as they can get something to eat thereby, why should we care?" he sadly asked. "It is not easy to be good when the hunger is in the stomach and when one offers you a dollar to do that which is easy through evil?"

This is one of the saddest proofs of the demoralization of this people. When the leaders have ceased to care; when the struggle has become so hard as to seem to be hopeless, then, indeed, are they in bad case.

To show the actual state of land matters among the Indians of Southern California, I present the subjoined table from the as yet unpublished report of the agent for the "Mission-Tule" Consolidated Agency, which is dated September 5, 1903.

This is the official report of an agent whom not even his best friends acknowledge as being over fond of his Indian charges, or likely to be sentimental in his dealings with them. What does this report state? Of twenty-eight "reservations"—and some of these include several Indian villages—it announces that the lands of eight are yet "not patented." In other words, that the Indians are living upon them "on sufferance." Therefore, if any citizen of the United States, possessed of sufficient political power, so desired, the lands could be restored to the public domain. Then, not even the United States Supreme Court could hold them for the future use and benefit of the Indians.

On five of these reservations, the land is "desert," and, in two cases, "subject to intense heat"—(it might be said, to 150 degrees, and even higher in the middle of summer); in one case, there is "little water for irrigation."

In four cases, it is "poor land," with "no water," and, in another instance, there are "worthless, dry hills;" in still another, the soil is "almost worthless for lack of water!"

In one of the desert cases, where there are five villages, the government has supplied "water in abundance for irrigation and

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domestic use, from artesian wells." Yet the land is not patented, and the Indians are helpless, if evicted by resolute men.

At Cahuilla, with a population of one hundred fifty-five, the report says "mountain valley; stock land and little water. Not patented."

At Santa Isabel, including Molcan, with a population of two hundred eighty-four, the reservation of twenty-nine thousand eight hundred forty-four acres is patented, but the report says it is "mountainous; stock land; no water."

At San Jacinto, with a population of one

hundred forty-three, the two thousand nine hundred sixty acres are "mostly poor; very little water, and not patented."

San Manuel, with thirty-eight persons, has a patent for six hundred forty acres of "worthless, dry hills."

Temecula, with one hundred eighty-one persons, has had allotted to its members three thousand three hundred sixty acres, which area, however, is "almost worthless for lack of water."

Let us reflect upon these things! The poor Indian is exiled and expelled from the lands of his ancestors to worthless hills,

Name of reservation	Number of acres	Population	Distance from agency	General character of land
			<i>Miles</i>	
Agua Caliente (Palm Springs).....	3,844.00	31	50	Desert land; subject to intense heat; little water for irrigation. Patent.
Augustine.....	615.00		75	Desert; no water. Patent issued.
Torres (Alimo Bonito, Agua Dulce, Martinez, and Torres villages) and including Walters.	19,200.00	304	75	Desert land; intense heat; water in abundance for irrigation and domestic use from artesian wells furnished by the Government. Not patented.
Cahuilla.....	18,240.00	155	35	Mountain valley; stock land; little water. Not patented.
Capitan Grande.....	10,253.00	118	118	Portion good; very little water. Patent issued.
Campo.....	250.00	14	170	Poor land; no water. Patent issued.
Guaypita.....	880.00	36	125	As above.
Cabazon.....	640.00	38	27	Desert; productive now, since Government has furnished artesian water with reservoirs for irrigation and domestic use. Patent issued.
Inaja.....	280.00	42	100	Small amount of poor land. Patent issued.
Los Coyotes (San Ignacio and San Isidro villages).	22,640.00	106	85	Mountainous; very little farming land. Not patented.
Morongo.....	38,000.00	287	25	Fair land, with water. Not patented.
Mesa Grande.....	120.00		75	Small amount of farming land; little water; portion good; stock land. Patent issued.
Pala.....	3,508.00	258	40	Good land; water. Small portion allotted.
Pauma.....	250.00	67	50	Portion good land, with water. Not patented.
Potrero (La Jolla and La Piche)	8,329.12	203	75	Portion good; water on part. Allotted.
Rincon.....	2,552.81	175	65	Sandy; portion good, with water. Patented and allotted.
Syquan.....	640.00	42	110	Small amount of agricultural land. Patent issued and allotted.
Santa Isabel, including Molcan.....	29,844.98	294	80	Mountainous; stock land; no water. Patented.
San Felipe.....		45	85	Will be moved to Pala.
San Jacinto.....	2,900.00	143	6	Mostly poor; very little water. Not patented.
San Manuel.....	640.00	38	55	Worthless; dry hills. Patent issued.
Santa Rosa.....		52		Unsurveyed.
Santa Ines.....	175.00	51	240	Land matter adjusted satisfactorily to the Indians. Splendid land, with abundance of water.
Tule River.....	45,000.00	146	450	Good reservation. Small amount of farming land; mostly mountain grazing.
La Posta.....	238.88		170	Poor land; no water. Not patented.
Manzanita.....	640.00		170	Do.
Temecula.....	3,360.00	181	35	Almost worthless for lack of water. Allotted.
Twenty-nine Palms.....	160.21	36	190	Desert. Patent issued.
Agua Caliente No. 1, Mataguay, Puerta La Cruz, San José.				All known as Warner's ranch; moved to Pala and included in Pala statistics.

a Estimated.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE

sandy desert, grazing lands, mostly poor and mountainous land, while our powerful government stands by and professes its helplessness to prevent the evil. These discouraging facts are enough to make the just and good men who once guided the Republic rise from their graves. Is there a remnant of honor, justice, or integrity, left among our politicians?

SUCCESS AND FAILURE IN CRAFTSMANSHIP. BY DOUGLAS VAN DENBURGH

THE growing interest in the arts and crafts leads us carefully to consider the work of the craftsman and the means by which he may attain excellence of result. Speaking largely, the aim of the craftsman is twofold: to produce work which shall meet the requirements of a high standard and to create a demand for the result of his labor. In order to attain the required skill and to understand the possibilities of his material, the craftsman must devote the greater part of his time and thought to his work, which can seldom be done at odd moments; robbed, as it were, from the more important duties of the day. But time and skill are costly materials, and the craftsman, as a rule, can ill afford a large investment of this kind without reasonable hope of return.

Assuming the demand for the results of his labor to be provided, and that his work meets the requirements of good workmanship and design, we next ask how best is the craftsman to reach the desired results; what are the guides to his success, and what the dangers which he must avoid?

To the artist "beauty is its own excuse for being," and for this he strives: if his work be beautiful, it stands approved. The craftsman's work must also be beautiful, but it must fill other requirements; for he is not only an artist; he must be an artisan as well. He is a builder and maker of things useful to the hand, as well as pleasing to the eye.

Unserviceable beauty is as foreign to his art as is serviceable ugliness. Thus, to be successful in his craft, the workman must produce an article valuable both for its beauty and its usefulness—an article pleasing in itself and capable of service.

The craftsman's success will be found to depend largely upon three things: knowledge of material, aptness of design, and skill in handling tools. The more complete the workman's knowledge of his material, the greater will be his freedom of design; the scope of the one will always widen with the scope of the other. The most perfect design may be rendered useless through application to unsuitable material, and, conversely, the value of material may be destroyed, through lack of judgment in design.

The design should always comply with two fixed rules. Not only should it lend itself readily to the medium in which it is executed, but it must also be appropriate to the article itself. Any design or decoration which detracts from the usefulness of the work, by reason of shape or durability, is to be condemned. The beauty of the work should lie in the construction of the design, and not in the applied decoration. The ornate is to be avoided, both because it soon becomes fatiguing to the eye, and because it at once lessens the durability and

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usefulness of the work to which it has been applied. Within certain limits, therefore, the craftsman should strive for strength and simplicity of design by which to insure the durability of his wares, for it is upon these qualities that his work must stand.

Equal in importance to knowledge of material and design is the workman's skill in the use of tools. If his hand lack deftness, if he blunder or bungle in the execution of his work, failing to give it both individuality and the essential neatness which marks all true workmanship, he has failed to give value to his work.

The desired result must never be made abortive from the insufficiency of time devoted to achieve it. The first requirement of good craftsmanship is the unrelenting attention to detail which it is impossible to give, when the hands of the worker strive to keep pace with those of the clock. It is a false theory which would limit the craftsman's use of tools, or deny him any method or device which reduces his labor, provided it does so without injury to his results. Time spent because of lack of proper tools, is time wasted; it adds nothing to the value of the work. A plank cut from the log by hand is no better than a plank from the mill, even though it cost much greater labor to produce. So, also, carving done without proper tools, may stand as a marvel of the patience and the skill which have added

nothing to the value of the work on which they were bestowed.

Nor should the machine be decried as having no place in the craftsman's shop. The machine is nothing more than an enlarged tool, the distinction between tool, machine-tool, and machine, not being sharply defined. The three, in fact, are mere modifications of one another.

To limit the craftsman's tools is to limit the scope of his work. We speak fondly of hand-made objects, but, in reality, their true value lies within themselves, rather than in the process by which they were wrought. Thus, the craftsman's success will be found to lie in choice of material, simplicity and strength of design, and untiring endeavor toward perfection of workmanship; his failures arising from disregard for these things.

The work of the craftsman is costly in some measure, and can be defended only when it reaches standards unattainable by the factory and the machine. If any part or process capable of improvement, has been slighted and passed over as being "good enough," the work might better have been left undone.

Individuality, simplicity, utility, and durability, are the hallmarks of the craftsman's success. For these he should strive perpetually.

RENE LALIQUE

RENÉ LALIQUE. FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. H. PUDOR, IN "DOKUMENTE DES MODERNEN KUNSTGEWERBES"

It is so encouraging a sign of the times to record an appreciation of a great artist by a critic of a different and somewhat antagonistic race, that the subjoined article is here printed. The quoted words of the German writer clearly indicate that a republic of art is in process of creation: one whose boundaries shall not be those which are set up by race or language, and in which genius shall be the sole requisite for citizenship.

THE Lalique Exhibition of the Hohenzollern Arts and Crafts House, by which the directors of the same have earned new reputation, is under the auspices of the French craftsman himself. M. Lalique has certainly not "done the honors" of the exhibition, as some one, wanting in taste, has expressed himself, but he has been present in person, in order to provide for the suitable presentation of his works, and perhaps to give here and there a word of explanation.

In an ethical-religious periodical, there appeared recently an article under the title of "Art is all and Life nothing." In these words there exists a particle of the pure gold of absolute truth. Assuredly, in our times, we see frequently great artists and moral charlatans united in the same persons; while even among those who cultivate art as *dilletanti*, we find, for the most part, those who distinguish themselves by their heavy purses, but not by their weighty brain-tissue.

I must acknowledge that when, for the first time, I prepared to approach M. Lalique, whom, for a number of years, I had honored highly as a goldsmith, I expected to be thoroughly disillusionized; since I had observed that frequently a striking personality does not belong to a famous artist.

It was, indeed, one of the most delightful of surprises to note an exception in the case



of M. Lalique. One finds in him the man who is revealed in his works: an artist of acute sensitiveness, of great delicacy and modesty. I do not mean the cringing modesty of the underling of the Shaksperian type, but that modesty of the true artist, who feels that the best which he creates does not reach the sublime simplicity and loveliness of Nature; above all, that the ideal of the specific work which he bears within himself is not capable of materialization.

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Let us try to realize a name which, since the Paris Exposition of 1900, has circled the world, and which is pronounced with rapture by the most famous beauties; a man who annually earns millions and whose house and home is a gem of architecture; furthermore, a person of simple, affable bearing. Ah! Jewelers of our imperial German capital, how much you might learn from a Lalique, even in a way which is purely personal!

And now will our German goldsmiths go to the Hohenzollern House and study for themselves, hour long, the Lalique jewels, until the beads of perspiration drop from their brows, and they gain the thought of the French artist; so that in representing the head of a workman they might imitate the bead of perspiration in the form of a pearl?

A certain piece of Lalique, pleases me greatly; it is a kind of brooch, in which he has represented, by means of yellow sapphires, the dewdrops fallen on a crumpled autumn leaf: a characteristic work of the most extreme naturalism. Yet Lalique does not stop at realism, after the manner of so many less gifted artists. Rather, he leads Nature by the hand up to the very limits of his material, whether it be gold, enamel, or opal.

But let it be well understood, that we do not regard every work of Lalique exhibited in Berlin as worthy of admiration. It is, on the contrary, perhaps right that light and shadows are mingled, and that, together with the costly pearls of intuitive genius,

there exist commercial wares. So let each one select for himself, according to his means, or the capacity of his taste.

Neither will we maintain that all the works shown are new. Rather, we find some which date from the year 1900, and others from yet earlier periods. We recognize masterpieces of the Turin Exhibition and of the Paris Salons, and also certain few new works.

One of the most remarkable of the latter pieces is a diadem of horn ornamented with Alpine violets having stamens of diamonds. The brilliancy of the gems is especially effective as shown against the dull surface of the horn. The composition is masterly, rich and monumental.

In the second place might be mentioned a dragon-fly necklace, a splendid and costly work, rising to the price of twenty-five hundred marks. It consists of a row of dragon-flies, which are juxtaposed, the heads and the bodies being alternately placed, and the antennae, made from unburnished gold, serving as a strong frame-work. The bodies of the dragon-flies consist of amethysts, the eyes of moonstones, and the wings of opals. Upon these last are fastened wing-like applications of brown diamonds and sapphires. Considered as to the delicacy of the material employed, as a color-scheme or harmony in violet-blue, as to brilliancy in execution, and finally as to naturalistic treatment, this article of feminine ornament is a true artistic work not inferior to a painting by Titian.

A FALSE EFFORT



A FALSE EFFORT TO BE FINE

TWO articles have already been printed in *The Craftsman* for the current year, designed to aid teachers and students of Manual Training, as well as those amateur workers who are anxious to educate their hand and brain, their sense of proportion and structure, through the exercise of the lesser building art.

These articles, as will be found by reference to them, are thoroughly illustrated with perspective and working drawings of simple pieces of cabinet-making: such as can be constructed with the simplest of tools and materials, and, also, such as would add comfort and beauty to the interior in which they might be placed.

The originals of these illustrations were planned in the hope to effect for the humbler homes of our country a benefit comparable in direction, if not in extent, with the good accomplished by William Morris, when he delivered England from the pest of the hair-cloth sofa and the nightmare of the aniline dyes.

In the present article, the subject of the

series is regarded from a new point of view: the question remaining the same and being one of fit and unfit; but the argument being made from the negative side. That is, the student is no longer shown the safe and direct path of progress; but he is warned what to avoid as destructive to his taste and to his critical and constructive powers.



THE CRAFTSMAN

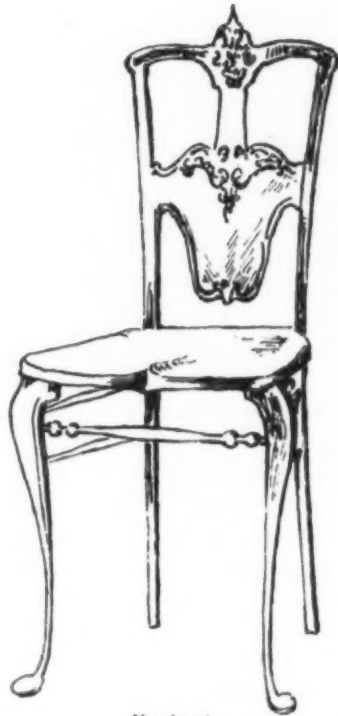
The false effort to be fine is so extensively made in this country, as to be difficult to censure and combat, and, it would seem, almost impossible to annul. It is a significant movement, apart from its harmful influence upon domestic art. Its moral effect is still more perilous, and, taken as a whole, it is a proof that the right to the enjoyment of art is not, as many would have it to be, a prerogative of the wealthy classes, but that such enjoyment should be extended until it become an integral part of every life.

The effort to be fine takes its impulse from envy, and this, as the poet Longfellow has well said, is "the vice of republics;" since under a government by the people, the classes are less cohesive, less sharply defined, and are subject to greater movement and disturbance: large numbers of individuals easily passing from the lower to the higher, and large numbers of others who can not accomplish this ascent, showing their discontent by ineffectual and foolish imitation of those above them.

With us the political principles in force



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are certainly those which are fitted to an advanced and progressive form of civilization. But as each human good has its attendant and peculiar evils, so it should be the duty of all men of good will, in whatever class they may be situated, to whatever calling they may be devoted, to lessen and obviate these evils as far as may be.

With this purpose in view, the illustrations here presented have been chosen, as examples of false art, no less than as indications of tendencies to be corrected, if the masses of the people are to be educated for their own happiness and for the public good. By means of such examples, the craftsman of a special branch can learn the principles according to which his manual labor must

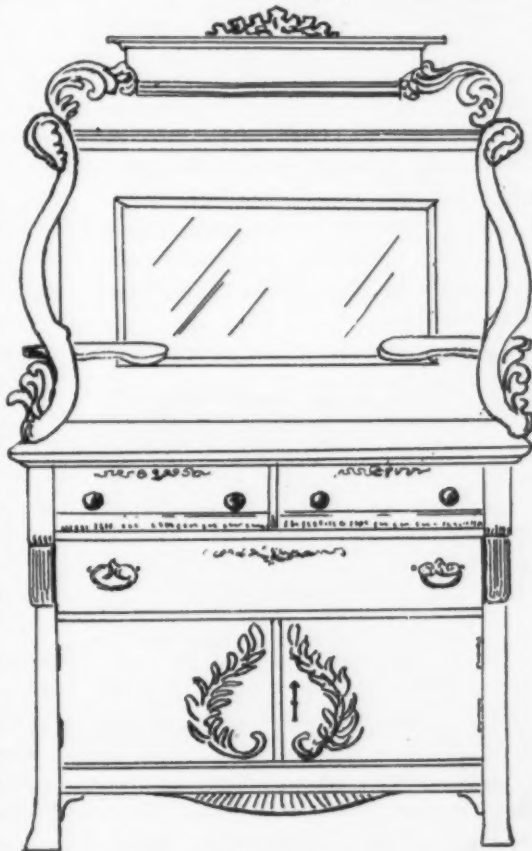
A FALSE EFFORT

be pursued, if it is to be successful; by means of the same examples, the typical workman—the real supporter of the structure of the Republic—can study a question of morals involving certain tendencies, which, although common to all classes, are especially detrimental to the poorer: that is, the desire for display, the wish to deceive and to falsify.

If now, we examine closely the examples here illustrated, we shall find them, in all cases, to be perversions of consistent originals, which were designed by artists sensitive to the delicate beauty of line. These originals passed into the possession of persons who were able to give them the proper surroundings, and, highly prized by connoisseurs, they have been able to preserve their dignity, and appear to-day in places where they still delight the eye. But what censure can be severe enough to scathe such wilful perversions of things artistically correct and intrinsically valuable! These travesties are plain evidences of the attempt upon the part of designers and merchants to feed the public upon husks; an attempt which is the more to be condemned, owing to the fact that it can not be prevented; that while the adulteration of the food product is held liable to the law, the prostitution of the art-principle is a crime which can not be punished.

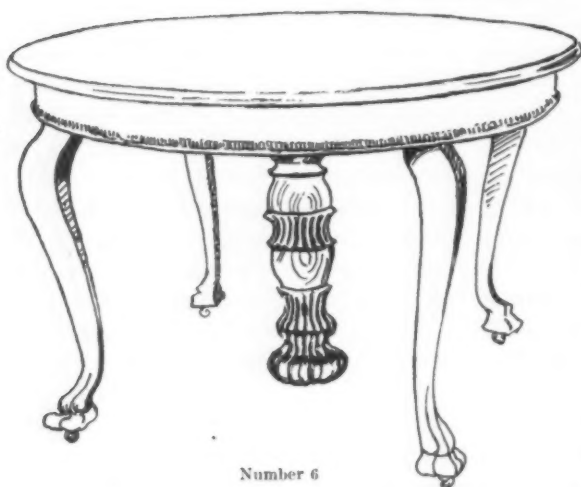
If now, we seek to make specific, rather than general criticisms, the fault which first thrusts itself upon the sight is the distortion of line occurring in the examples standing

at the head of our chapter. The claw-and-ball foot, borrowed from the Chippendale design, has here every effect of an application. Its value as a structural element of support is wholly taken away, leaving an ugly protuberance, which combines with the crude curve of the arms, the badly drawn sweep of the top, and the horizontal of the base, to make a discord, upon which no refined eye can, and no untrained eye should, for a single moment rest. Furthermore, the vulgar profile of the examples can be constructed in the imagination from all that



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THE CRAFTSMAN



Number 6

is seen in full face. And how it differs from the beautiful profile of the French and English originals, vital with subtle curves which appear to vanish into the floor line!

A similar perversion of the model is to be noted in the chair with the pierced back, which makes the fourth of our illustrations. In this instance, the open work offers in a debased state, another of the chief characteristics of those models which critics are inclined to group erroneously under the generic name of Chippendale. And as the name of this artist-craftsman rises to the memory, it is accompanied by the picture of those "three ribband-back chairs," which, to quote the ingenuous words of their maker, "were, perhaps, the best ever made." But what would this same delightful artist have said, could he have looked upon this other picture, representing an object which is an evidence of *malice prepense* on the part of the designer, and which can be multiplied to the million by the machine, for the degradation of art and of the public taste.

In the sideboard numbered five, the de-

signer has again borrowed elements which he has used with intent to deceive. The inverted dolphin-like forms, seen in the brackets, have no part in the design. They do not compose. They are applied. They are a false, vulgar adaptation of an element combining structural function with ornament, which was effectively employed in certain of the historic styles. But as here used, they are intended to lead the inexperienced into the belief that the purchase of the object will make them possessors

of something "fine and French." Fine, alas, no, and French to the degree that, were the ideas expressed in words, rather than by forms, it would be the French of the island of Martinique, or of the Canadian forests! But the final chaos of construction is reached in the models of the chairs numbered two and three. The first of these defies classification. It is an abnormal product, so deformed and debased that it is almost impossible to determine its parentage. But it may be that the exuberance of old German designs temporarily filled the mind of the draughtsman, who, commanded by his employer to make "something to sell," compounded a real witches-broth of all that is evil in construction and ornament. The "turned" uprights, the meaningless assemblage of the straight, the angular and the curved principles, above all, the snowshoe rockers and the cheap applications of *decalcomania* are so many criticisms and condemnations of the whole.

This chair has no excuse for being, and the same may be said of the one following.

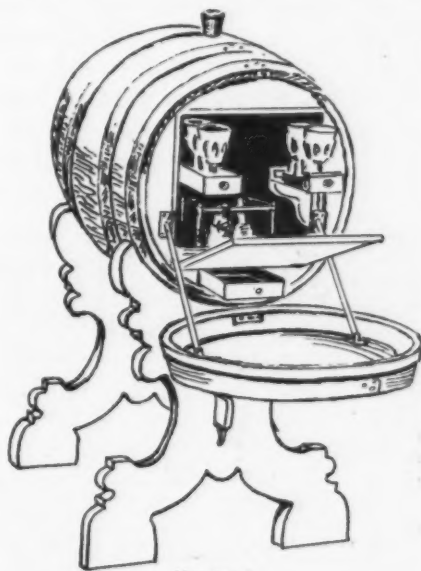
A FALSE EFFORT

This latter, by its construction, recalls the old definition of a city as "a collection of houses around a port:" a definition which might be paralleled by a description of this object as an assemblage of the remaining members of a chair, about the leg. The animal forms so effectively used in the mediaeval, the Renaissance and the First Empire styles are here travestied and degraded. The line of the body—so attractive when treated by the old craftsman, being expanded decoratively or else reduced to a mere indication—here becomes almost revolting, through a clumsy touch of realism. Then, the hoofs of the animals are shod with casters, while all other details are equally commercialized to the limits of vulgarity.

The dining table here illustrated, has the same fault as the "Morris chair," in that it is, so to speak, built around a hideous leg; the offending member in this instance being girdled with zones of groovings which recall the platings and frills of the petticoats worn by the courtiers of Louis XIV.

Our final illustration has been reserved as a fitting climax of the series of things to be avoided in both making and acquiring. The object represented is in itself a deception, since if its interior corresponded to the impression given by its exterior, it could have no place outside a cellar or a public wine room. Far from affording a suggestive ornament for the dining room in which it might be placed, it would serve only to degrade such surroundings. In construction it is false, for the cask-form, complete even to the spigot-hole, tells an architectural lie, which is acknowledged by the open door displaying shelves and glasses. In senti-

ment, also, the object is entirely false, for the wine barrel is the proper adjunct only of those typical German cellars, in which students celebrate their *kneipen* and burgo-masters and councillors noisily discuss municipal affairs. Elsewhere, it is inappro-



Number 7

priate and vulgar. It is, therefore, doubly to be censured, and, as it recalls, even though in travesty, the memory of Germany, it may be permitted to announce its own condemnation in the speech of Goethe. It warns the craftsman for his guidance in the exercise of his trade, as plainly as words could do; saying to him: "Thou must resist, renounce, refrain!" For truth in work, as well as in life, is simple, while deceit is complex, and constant vigilance is the price demanded of the builder or fashioner who would keep himself from inconsistency and vagaries.

THE CRAFTSMAN

CANVAS CURTAINS WITH LINEN APPLIQUÉ

THE curtains here represented are especially pleasing in texture and color. It is, therefore, to be regretted that they must be illustrated in black and white, for no adequate idea can be formed of their harmonious effect. The texture is an interesting weave of imported canvas, of which the use is restricted to The Craftsman workshops. The threads of this fabric are somewhat

loosely woven, and the surface rough enough to give a slightly mottled color.

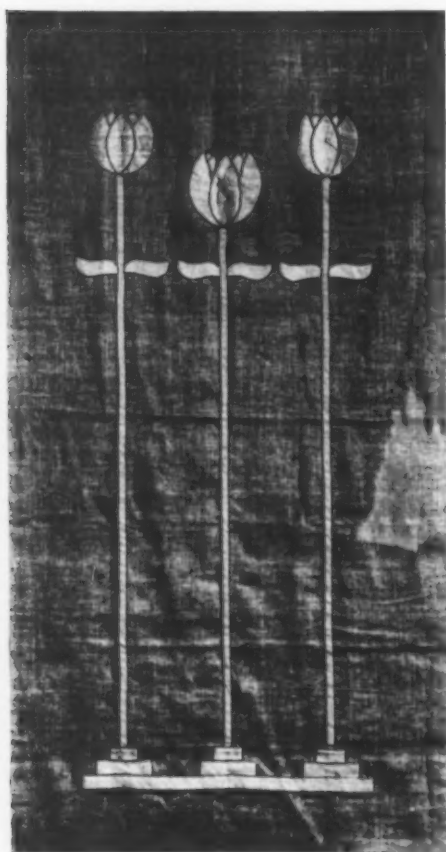
The *appliqué* is done in a closely woven linen to which the name "bloom" has been given, owing to the fact that the warp and woof are of different colors: a device which assures a charming variety of effect dependent upon accidents of light.

The designs used are strong and assertive, as they must be, in order to meet the demands of the position in which they are placed; the requisites of each design being here mass, cohesiveness, and the exclusion of detail which would produce a "spotty" effect by invading the expanse of beautiful unified surface.

The first design is a variant of the oldest of all floral patterns, the lotus, although it here appears in an obscure and "simplified" form. The blossoms rise from a stepped base, suggesting the stones of a wall, in accordance with the old idea that the temple represented the world, and that the plant is therefore growing. The thinness and the height of the stems are corrected by the spread of the leaves which occurs a short distance below the flowers.

The colors used in the first design are a deep-toned, soft blue for the body of the curtain, pomegranate-red for the flowers, yellow-green for the bases and the stems, with ultra-marine blue for all outlines. In the fabric forming the flower-shapes, the "bloom," or changeable effect is produced by a mingling of crimson and bright yellow threads; while in the case of the standards and stems, the colors woven together are green and rose.

The second design is adapted from a North American Indian *motif*. Here the "nightbird" appears projected against the



CANVAS CURTAINS



moon, in an ornament recalling the Egyptian wingèd sphere. This pattern is applied at three-quarters the height of the curtain, and is balanced at the base by a mountain pattern, from which fine lines reach upward.

The body of this curtain is canvas of a soft brick, or Pompeian red. It offers with the various applications a scheme of color which the eye seeks again and again, and always with increasing pleasure. In the lower pattern, the pyramids are alternate-

ly of green-and-rose and blue-and-green "bloom" linen. In the upper pattern, the moon appears in old gold, with the "night-bird" in the same green-and-rose fabric which occurs in the base. Upon this curtain the outlines are done with the usual linen floss, in a warm tone of olive-green.

The third design shows the "thunder-bird," a favorite *motif* of certain Indian tribes of the Northwest, which is found in their pottery and their basketry. It is here used in a succession of disconnected



THE CRAFTSMAN

units, set above a double and continuous series of mountains; the whole system of ornament being enclosed by lines which draw together the separate elements.

As to harmony of color, this scheme is, perhaps, the most pleasing of the three; suggesting, as it does, the soft notes of an old *cloisonné* vase. The *appliqué* is wrought upon a moss green canvas background, with the birds in green-and-blue linen,—producing an old turquoise effect,—and the mountains in pomegranate. To this scheme the bright yellow outlining gives accent and distinction, while it detracts nothing from that blended orchestration of color which is the chief quality to be sought in textile studies.

CHIPS FROM THE CRAFTSMAN WORKSHOP

THE CRAFTSMAN, in carelessly turning the leaves of a comedy by Alfred de Musset, chanced, the other day, upon an unexpected thought. It was expressed by a personage whose name, Fantasio, gave the key to his character. He had been idly wishing for change: to be transformed into a certain unknown passer-by, or to be transported to the moon. Then, a graver mood came to possess him, and as responsive to his emotions as an Eolian harp to the wind, he cried out: "The spirit can open wings wide as the firmament, in a cell as narrow as the human hand."

This sentence remained in the mind of The Craftsman, pervading it slowly, as the sunlight persistently chases shadow from a darkened area, until the whole expanse seems

to smile and glow. It dissipated for him the cares of the day, and made his labor at his bench light and easy. It was thus inspiring, because it embodied a pure and elevated truth.

Yet it must be predicated that the Craftsman did not receive it in the character of a sermon. That would have been to destroy its usefulness. It did not reach him from a carven pulpit rising far above his head. Nor was it uttered by one who, cloistered about by fortunate circumstances, pitied those less largely endowed than himself, without being able to sympathize, that is: suffer with them. It came to him from an author beaten by the storms of life; one who had drained to the dregs both the chalice of sorrow and the debauching cup of sin; one who could say with truth that nothing human was foreign to him.

The Craftsman, therefore, received the sentence as the speech of man to man, of brother to brother. He proceeded to adapt it to his own needs and to devise means by which it might benefit others. As far as it concerned his own case, he felt that his keen appreciation of its truth resulted from the experiences of his life. Through these he had been turned, partly from necessity, partly from choice, from what is regarded as an existence of large opportunities to one of narrow limitations. Things which he had once seen in perspective and with their contours softened and absorbed by ambient light, he had confronted in all their sharpness. He had learned to distinguish the real from the unreal, and from this moment of enlightenment, the real had resided for him in immaterial things: that is, in the pleasures which are open to all who are provided with the bare necessities of life—and

BOOK REVIEWS

what honest, able-bodied man can be without them? Pleasures such as are to be derived from the sight of the constantly renewed and eternal robe of Nature, from the pursuit of a favorite study, from the companionship of friends, and even from mingling with the throngs of the street.

The sentence brought to the mind of the Craftsman memories of the great, the earnest, the truly successful of the world, and it became plain to him that the memorable ones, almost without exception, had released themselves from the domination of things and swept their lives bare of all save the essential. Historical examples, it is unnecessary to say, presented themselves in great number, but with them came one modern instance, upon which the thought of the laborer dwelt with peculiar satisfaction.

It was that of a master craftsman, who, gifted and learned, distinguished by both personality and social relations, sits daily in his immaculate, sparsely furnished cell upon the Thames, toiling upon his Book Beautiful, and holding it not too precious to be associated with bare floors and uncushioned chairs, since he is unconscious of such conditions, and knows only that for him the work itself fills and illumines the room with the radiance of art.

Such enthusiasm the Craftsman believes to be the effulgent light of the modern Holy Grail, whose quest the youth of our time should be prepared by their elders to follow. The Grail is the simple life, which is not necessarily the humble life; rather one which, made brilliant by accomplishment, is pursued with equal contentment and self-restraint, in the great mansion, or the cell metaphorically "as narrow as the human hand."

BOOK REVIEWS

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FURNITURE is the title of a beautifully printed and illustrated volume, written by Esther Singleton. Its arrangement is especially to be commended, since it is divided into sections which may be easily studied; each section being devoted to some famous style, the French examples, as originals, preceding, and the English, as modifications, following. In this way, the Louis XIII. is treated in connection with the Jacobean period, and the Louis XV. with the Chippendale; while the period of Louis XVI. is followed by studies upon Adam, Heppelwhite and Sheraton. The text is admirably written, containing extended quotations from authorities like Jacquemart and Havard, and long extracts from the writings of the famous English cabinet-makers, whose words are only less interesting than their beautiful work. The illustrations are so chosen that the inexperienced may gain quickly a definite idea of each of the periods treated, from the numerous perspectives, profiles and details which are gathered upon large plates. The book is addressed to the student, the cabinet-maker and the upholsterer; but it is in no sense a manual; it is rather a compendious reference book having literary merit and showing on the part of its owner critical knowledge, as well as discriminating taste.

French and English Furniture, by Esther Singleton, illustrated from original sources by H. D. Nichols; New York, McClure, Phillips & Co., 1903; size 7¼ x 11 inches; profusely illustrated; pages 394.

THE CATHEDRALS OF NORTHERN FRANCE

THE CRAFTSMAN

and DICKENS' LONDON are the titles of two books, attractive before they are read, by reason of their convenient size and the interesting pictures in which they abound. Both are examples of the local guide-book of the present day, which has been enlarged from the old pattern, until it no longer resembles a potion of bitter medicine which must be swallowed in order to insure comfort and pleasure. An excellent feature of the book, is the introduction of minor examples of architecture, such, for instance, as the cathedrals of Dijon, Meaux and other small cities, which contain features necessary to be studied by one who would acquire even a general and amateur knowledge of the most admirable monumental building style as yet produced. An interesting detail in the making of the book consists in small maps, printed in red upon a white background, which appear on the inside of the cover and on the page opposite and form a part of a decorative scheme.

The second book, Dickens' London, carries in its title alone a strong element of interest: especially for one who has threaded the labyrinth of streets and the maze of humanity which exist about Lincoln's Inn Fields. The work is modestly addressed by its author to "a considerable number of persons, travelers, lovers of Dickens, enthusiasts *et als.*, who may be glad of a work to remind them in a way of what exists to-day of the London Dickens knew, as well as of the changes which have taken place since the novelist's time." This ascription should be gladly accepted, since the book is one with which to lighten the tedious hours of stormy evenings, whose name is now legion in our climate, with no present prospect of a diminution of the tribe.

The Cathedrals of Northern France, by Francis Miltoun, with eighty illustrations, plans and diagrams by Blanche McManus. Boston, L. C. Page & Company, 1904; size $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8$ inches; pages 400; price \$1.60.

Dickens' London, by Francis Miltoun. Boston, L. C. Page & Company, 1904; size $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8$ inches; with many illustrations and plans; pages 300; price \$1.60.

THE ARCHITECT AND BUILDERS' MAGAZINE is now publishing a series of admirable illustrated articles entitled: "Foreign Lessons in Municipal Improvements," by Mr. Frederick S. Lamb, the distinguished artist and writer whose argument for the Commercial Value of Design appears in the current number of The Craftsman, which he constantly honors with his counsels, and to which he has often before contributed. The first named series discusses the treatment of city squares, river embankments and highways, and should be read by all those who acknowledge public art to be "a fire built upon the market place, where everyone may light his torch."

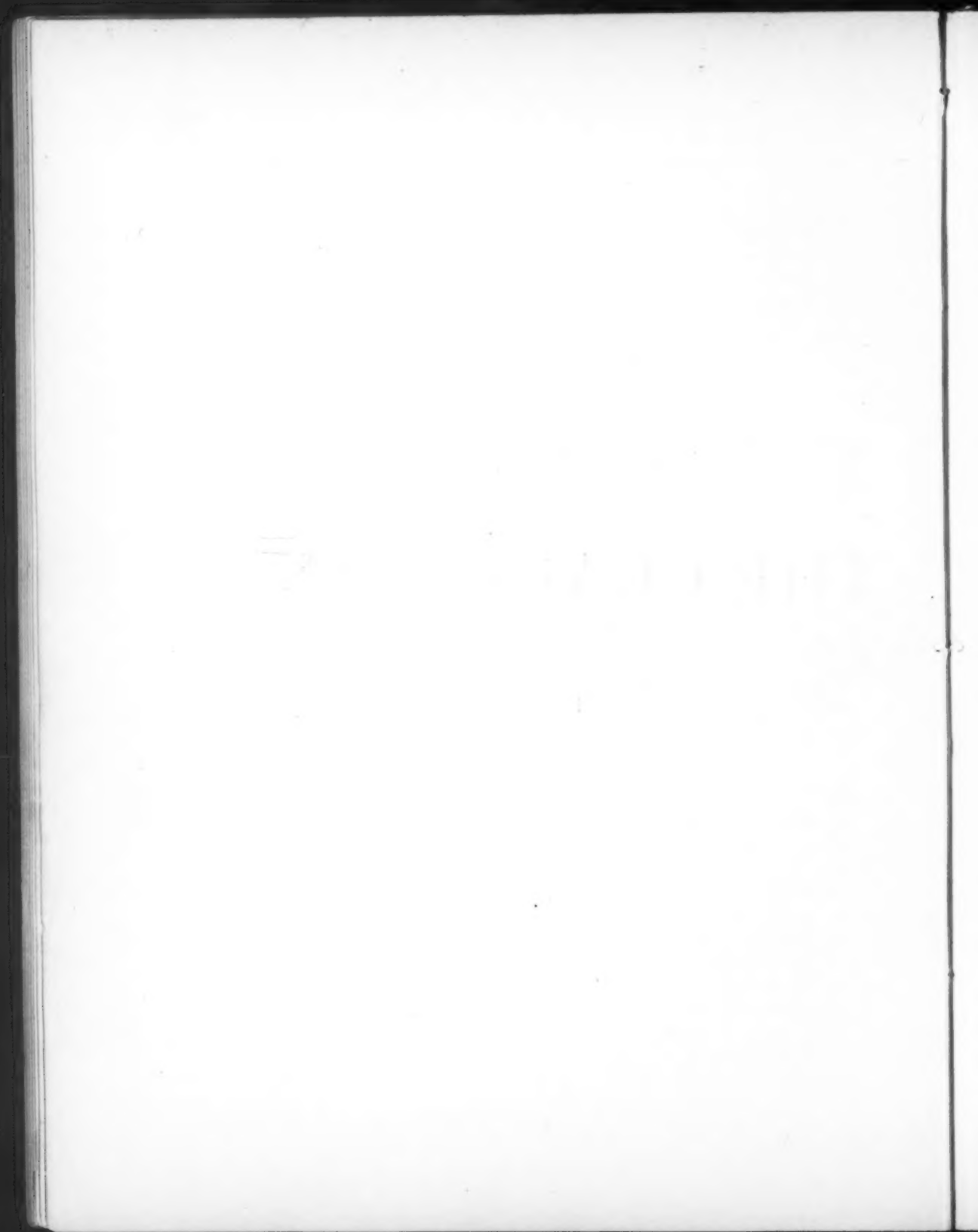
MODERN DESIGNS IN JEWELRY AND FANS is the title of the special winter number of the International Studio for 1901-2. This brochure is now eagerly sought by a large public, to whom the designs of René Lalique, and other French artists, have come to be of great interest. The plates contained in the brochure are beautifully executed, and the work is divided into two parts, each of which is preceded by a valuable paper, written by a distinguished critic.

Published by the International Studio, New York, 67 Fifth Avenue; price \$1.75.

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Volume V



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